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# THE YOUNG AND FIELD ADVANCED LITERARY READER

## *Part Two*

BY

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

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AND

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## TO THE READER

This book contains some of the best work of the great writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Part I of the Advanced Literary Reader gave selections from the earlier writers of the nineteenth century. The oldest of that group was Wordsworth, the youngest was Keats. But during these years a younger generation of writers was growing up in England and America and on the continent of Europe. In England they are known as the Victorian group, because their work was done chiefly during the reign of Queen Victoria; in America they are often called the National group, to distinguish them from the writers of colonial and Revolutionary times. A glance at the contents, on pages 7-9, will give you their names.

To complete the book we have arranged to take you back to three great world classics which are at the foundation of all literature. They are the Bible, the Iliad of Homer, and one of the plays of Shakespeare. If you should never read any other books, you should at least know something of these, for they have been read and read again by the greatest writers of modern times and have furnished both inspiration and models of literary style.

Do not be satisfied to leave a selection until you understand it. The best literature is full of thought that does not lie upon the surface. For this reason we have given at the end of each selection questions that will help you to get the deeper



meanings. Do not try to see how much you can read, but how thoroughly you can understand what you read. There is no other way to appreciate and enjoy good literature.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The selections from Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, also from Bryant's Translation of the Iliad, are reprinted by permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

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## TO THE TEACHER

Much has been said and written about the cultivation of correct expression in oral reading. Rules have been formulated for inflection, emphasis, accent, pitch, quality, and rate, but the application of these rules has succeeded only in making mechanical readers. We are coming to realize that the basis of all correct expression in reading lies in the interest and appreciation which the reader feels. The only mechanical phases of oral reading that should receive any attention from the teacher are those of distinct enunciation and proper pronunciation. Expression is from within and cannot be acquired by rule. To be a good reader the pupil must be interested, and to be interested he must understand what he is reading. Hence the whole problem resolves itself into one of mental assimilation. We have passed in the earlier grades the point of drilling for the recognition of words. In the eighth grade it does not matter much how many pages a class succeeds in reading in a week or in a term. But it *does* matter vitally whether the pupils know what they are reading about. To hurry over a selection without giving the pupils time to think about it is the cause not only of poor vocal expression but of indifference and often positive dislike. We believe that all the selections in this book are easily within the comprehension of eighth-grade classes, but the reading of them intelligently and appreciatively will require thought, and the awakening of thought is one of the important purposes of literature.



The questions at the close of the selections are intended only to be suggestive. Their object is twofold: first, to make the author's meaning clear, and second, to point out beauties of thought and expression. Suggestions are occasionally given for tracing the origin of significant words. This exercise may be somewhat extended if the teacher wishes, but caution should be used not to lead the pupil away from the thought and the spiritual appeal of the selection into a study of the mechanics of English speech. The vocabulary is not intended to take the place of a dictionary, but only to indicate the pronunciation and meaning of words that are likely to offer special difficulties. Pupils should be encouraged to use a dictionary.

The selections are grouped according to authorship, and the authors are arranged in chronological order, thus giving an opportunity to show the development of the literature and the influence of one author upon another. Those who prefer an arrangement according to subject will find it easy to make their own grouping.



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# READINGS FROM NINETEENTH-CENTURY EUROPEAN AUTHORS

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

Up among the pasture lands which border the Firth of Solway, in Scotland, stands the little village of Ecclefechan. A poor, commonplace little village it is, — scarcely more than a row of houses on each side of the road, — but it is celebrated as the birthplace of Thomas 5 Carlyle, one of the greatest thinkers and most original writers of Queen Victoria's reign.

The elder Carlyle was a stonemason — a poor man, but a good workman and as honest as the day. Years after he had died, his son said of him, "Could I write my 10 books as he built his houses, walk my way so manfully through this shadow world and leave it with so little blame, it were more than all my hopes."

Thomas Carlyle inherited from his father the plain, rough, sturdy honesty that seems the most noteworthy 15 thing in all his life and writings. He always felt that he owed much to his mother also, but he was less like her, for she was a mild and quiet woman, and Thomas



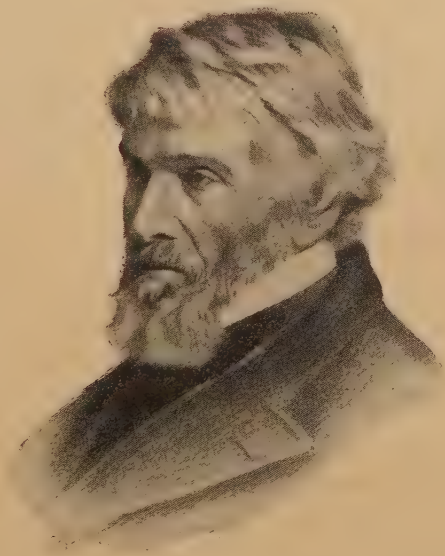
was neither mild nor quiet. With his brothers and sisters, of whom there were nine, he roamed over the roads and meadows, learned a little reading and arithmetic at the village school, and at ten was sent to school at the  
5 neighboring town of Annan, five miles away.

At fourteen Carlyle went to Edinburgh University. Edinburgh was more than eighty miles from Ecclefechan, and traveling by stagecoach was expensive. So he set out to walk, leaving home early one morning before light,  
10 with his little bundle of clothes thrown over his shoulder. His father and mother walked with him a few miles, and another boy, somewhat older than himself, who was also going to the university, went on with him.

Carlyle spent five years at the university, worked hard,  
15 neglected his health, and sowed the seeds of a chronic dyspepsia, which attended him through life, often making him very wretched and sometimes very cross.

After leaving the university he tried teaching school, studying law, and writing for the magazines, but with  
20 little success. He was not well, and was worried with fears and doubts. Finally, as he tells us in one of his books, "There arose a thought in me, and I asked myself 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper and go cowering and trem-  
25 bling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death. . . . Let it come then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as





*Thomas Carlyle*



I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me forever."

Carlyle now devoted all his time to writing. He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and several other stories from the German; he wrote a life of Schiller; he published essays in the magazines; and in the midst of his work he married Jane Welsh, a brilliant literary woman, who was almost as talented as her husband.

But literature did not pay very well, and they were quite poor. To save money they moved to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where they spent six years, while Carlyle wrote some of his best essays and the book "Sartor Resartus." Craigenputtoch was so far away from every one that they finally decided to go to London, where they could live among people. So they rented a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and there in the course of time Carlyle came to be known as one of the great thinkers of his day. He wrote "The French Revolution" in 1837, and a few years later "Heroes and Hero Worship." Before publication he lent the manuscript of the first volume of "The French Revolution" to a friend to read, and the friend's servant, thinking that it was waste paper, burned it. This was a great blow to Carlyle, for it meant that he must do the work all over. But he did not let his friend know how much it hurt him. Instead, he said to Mrs. Carlyle, "We must try to hide from him how very serious this business is." In his discouragement he one day saw a



bricklayer building a high wall, brick by brick. "There," he said, "if this workman can patiently do such a bit of work, I can rewrite the French Revolution." And he did it.

Carlyle used to write in his little back garden, and Tennyson, then a young poet—fourteen years younger than Carlyle—would often visit him there. Thackeray also came to see him, and Emerson, and many of the greatest writers of the day; and they all went away with the same thought—that they had met a true, honest, genuine man.

In 1865 Carlyle finished his "History of Frederick the Great," upon which he had spent thirteen years of constant work. The same year he was made Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. In the midst of the honors which were heaped upon him on this occasion, Mrs. Carlyle died very suddenly, and Carlyle, then seventy years of age, was so broken by the shock that he never recovered. He lived fifteen years after it, mostly in retirement, and died in 1881. At his own request his body was buried not among the great in Westminster Abbey, but with his kinsfolk in the little churchyard at Ecclefechan.

Carlyle has sometimes been criticized for not using the best of English. It is true that his sentences are not very smooth, but they are strong and vigorous and straightforward,—much like himself,—and they have a picturesque quality that is often lacking in the work of more



careful writers. Carlyle was different from most men, and his style is different, but it was the best style for him, because it fitted what he had to say.

### THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI

[This vivid story is from "The French Revolution." During  
5 the early months of the conflict between the people and the nobility of France, the people asked only for better conditions and did not seek the overthrow of the king. But as the king gave them only promises, the feeling against him became at length so strong that he realized his only safety lay in flight.  
10 The soldiers, except his bodyguard, were in the service of the government and were commanded by the Marquis de Lafayette, who had played 'so important a part in our American Revolution. The government, on the one hand, were constantly watching the royal family lest they should try to escape; the king's  
15 friends, on the other hand, were constantly trying to find a way to smuggle them out of Paris.

At length Count Fersen, a Swedish soldier and courtier, disguised as a coachman, drove them, also in disguise, through the streets of Paris, across the Barriers and north into the open  
20 country. They were afterwards captured and brought back to Paris, where, in spite of the efforts of the moderate party, of whom Lafayette was one, both the king and the queen were beheaded.]

•

On Monday night, the twentieth of June, 1791, about  
25 eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee,



O reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there!

Not long does it wait; a hooded dame, with two hooded 5 children has issued from a door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits.

Not long; another dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, 10 leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many dames? All the palace world is retiring home. But the glass-coachman still waits, his fare seemingly incomplete. 15

By and by we note a thickset individual, in round hat and peruke, arm in arm with some servant, seemingly of the runner or courier sort; he also issues through the door; starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the glass- 20 coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the glass-coachman still waits.

Alas! and the false chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the royal family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent 25 express for Lafayette, and Lafayette's carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner arch of



the Carrousel, — where a lady shaded in broad gypsy hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the runner or courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*, — light  
5 little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; majesties' apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false chambermaid must have been mistaken.  
10 Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for of a truth treachery is within these walls.

But where is the lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and touched the wheel spoke with her *badine*? O reader, that lady that touched the wheel spoke was the queen  
15 of France! She has issued safe through that inner arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand, not the left; neither she nor her courier knows Paris; he indeed is no courier, but a loyal, stupid body-  
20 guard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and river, roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac, far from the glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvie surtout!

25 Midnight clangs from all the city steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother



jarvie drives up, enters into conversation, is answered cheerfully in jarvie dialect; the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff, decline drinking together, and part with good night. Be the heavens blest! here at length is the queen-lady, in gypsy hat, safe after perils, 5 who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised bodyguard, has done; and now, O glass-coachman of a thousand — Count Fersen, for the reader sees it is thou — drive!

10

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen; crack! crack! the glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound; and lo, he drives right northward! The 15 royal individual in round hat and peruke sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering city. Seldom since Paris rose out of mud or the long-haired kings went in bullock carts was there such a drive. Mortals on each 20 hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the boulevard. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost north! Patience, ye royal individuals; Fersen under- 25 stands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's:



"Did Count Fersen's coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new berline?"

"Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy porter.

5 "It is well"; though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then eastward along the outer boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night.  
10 Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum; and now he is eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's berline. This heaven's berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six  
15 horses, his own German coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest! And as for us of the glass-coach, haste too, O haste; much time is already lost!

The august glass-coach fare, six insides, hastily packs  
20 itself into the new berline; two bodyguard couriers behind. The glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the city, to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths, flourishing his whip. He bolts forward towards Bondy. There  
25 a third and final bodyguard courier of ours ought surely to be, with post horses ready ordered. There likewise



ought that purchased chaise, with the two waiting maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the heavens turn it well. ✓

Once more, by heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here <sup>5</sup> is the sleeping hamlet of Bondy; chaise with waiting women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. <sup>10</sup> Fersen, under his jarvie surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless, inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's berline, with the royalty of France, bounds off.

And so the royalty of France is actually fled? This <sup>15</sup> precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, governess of the royal children; she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin, little Madame Royale. Baroness de Korff's *waiting maid* is the <sup>20</sup> queen in gypsy hat. The royal individual in round hat and peruke, he is *valet* for the time being. That other hooded dame, styled *traveling companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the wood of Bondy — over a Rubicon in their <sup>25</sup> own and France's history.



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Carlyle. 2. Explain why Louis XVI and his family were fleeing. 3. What is meant by a glass-coach? What was the Tuileries? the Carrousel? 4. Who was the "glass-coachman," and why was he waiting in the Rue de l'Echelle? Who were the dames who came to the carriage? Who was the "thickset individual, in round hat and peruke"? 5. Explain "And now, is his *fare* complete?" 6. What part did Lafayette play in this affair? 7. Explain "badine," "Argus' vigilance," "rencontre," "jarvie surtout," "jarvie dialect," "barrier." 8. Explain "since Paris rose out of mud, or the long-haired kings went in bullock carts." (Paris was at first a little village on an island in the Seine. The early kings of France were half barbarous.)

9. Explain "stretched out horizontal, dormant," "berline," "ambrosial," "six insides" (inside passengers), "hammercloths," "postilions with their churn-boots," "dauphin," "over a Rubicon in their own and France's history." (When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon he committed an act from which there was no retreat. So Louis, in running away, made it impossible ever again to maintain himself upon his throne.)

## BOOKS

In books lies the soul of the whole past time, the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. . . . The true university of these days is a collection of books.

From "Heroes and Hero-Worship"





## TO-DAY

[This is one of the few poems of Carlyle. It contains so much good thought that you will want to memorize it.

The thought is that each day is a little life. It comes to us out of eternity, out of an immeasurable space of time, somewhere — we don't know where; it goes as it came, and it will never come back. No one has ever seen this day before; no one will ever see it again. So, let us make the most of it.]

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

10

Out of eternity  
This new day is born;  
Into eternity,  
At night, will return.

15

Behold it aforetime  
No eye ever did;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

20



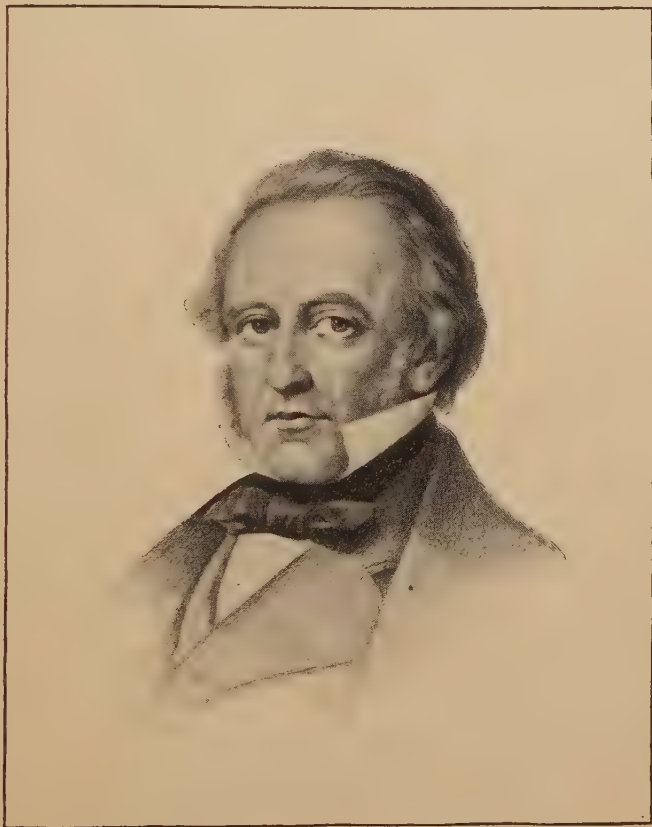
## THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800-1859

In the very last year of the eighteenth century, when Byron and Shelley and Keats and Carlyle were boys at school, and Scott and Wordsworth were just beginning to write, a remarkable child was born into the Macaulay  
5 family of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. Mr. Macaulay, the father, who was of Scotch descent, had been at one time governor of Sierra Leone, the African colony for liberated slaves; Mrs. Macaulay was a Quaker, a brilliant and talented woman; and the Macaulay home was a place  
10 where many an act of charity and service was planned, and where the noblest and most unselfish people of that time were frequent visitors.

I have said that the junior Macaulay was a remarkable boy. At three years of age he could read with ease; at  
15 seven he wrote a "History of the World" — a rather ambitious undertaking, you will think; at eight he knew by heart the whole of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; at ten he composed a volume of hymns, ballads, and an epic poem. It is said that his favorite posi-  
20 tion was lying stretched out upon a rug before the fire, with his book on the floor and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. The fact of the bread and butter is comforting.





*Thomas Babington Macaulay*



If it were not for that, we might think that he was more than human.

At twelve the boy was sent to a good private school, and at eighteen entered Cambridge University. There he  
5 took high honors in the classics and English, and gained a reputation as a brilliant debater. His memory was wonderful. He could read a page rapidly and repeat it almost word for word.

After finishing his work at the university he studied  
10 law, but found that he was more interested in politics and literature. At twenty-five he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* his now famous essay on Milton. At thirty he was elected to Parliament, and soon became known as the best debater in the House. He had marvelous power as a  
15 speaker. When it was known that he would take part in a discussion the House was always crowded, and a speech from him would often change the vote. He was scrupulously honest, sometimes voting for measures which meant the personal loss of thousands of dollars, because  
20 he believed that they were for the good of the people.

While in Parliament he lost his fortune and not only became poor himself but was obliged to support his brothers and sisters, who had lost their money in the same disaster. He did this cheerfully, and by working  
25 early and late soon put the entire family out of want.

Macaulay was a tireless worker. He never wasted a  
minute. His literary work was done chiefly in the early



morning before others were up. His days were given to his work in Parliament, or later to his official duties as secretary of war. He spent nearly three years in India as president of a law commission appointed by the English government and as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. He wrote during this time a series of brilliant essays on Byron, Johnson, Clive, Warren Hastings, and other famous literary and political personages, and in 1842 the stirring group of poems known as "Lays of Ancient Rome."

10

Macaulay's greatest work, however, is his "History of England," begun in 1841. The first two volumes of it were published eight years afterwards. Within ten days of their publication the whole edition had been sold, and the second edition was sold as soon as it appeared. Six editions were issued in America and disposed of as fast as they could be printed. It was a history that read like a story. It was *alive*. Perhaps no other writer has ever equaled Macaulay in this power to make the facts of history appear before the eye. Two more volumes of the history were published a few years later, but the fifth volume was unfinished at the time of his death in 1859.

His last years were full of honors. Queen Victoria gave him the title of lord, or baron; he was made Lord Rector of Glasgow University; and after his death his body was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, near the tombs of Addison and Johnson.



Macaulay's English was as smooth and polished as Carlyle's was rough. It shows ease, grace, and clear thinking, but it was not gained without effort. Thackeray has said :  
" Macaulay reads twenty books to write a sentence, and  
5 travels one hundred miles to make a line of description."  
He was a hard-working, painstaking man, who had great natural gifts, and who earned his success by making the most of what God had given him.

### HORATIUS

[In the earliest times Rome was governed by kings. Legends  
10 tell us of seven of these early rulers, the last of whom was Tarquin the Proud. During the reign of this last Tarquin his son Sextus, a wild and unrestrained youth, committed a crime which so enraged the Roman people that they drove the entire Tarquin family out of Rome and changed the government to  
15 a republic. Tarquin went among the neighboring Latin tribes, seeking to gain their help in making war against his former subjects and in restoring him to the throne. Lars Porsena of Clusium, an Etruscan lord, or king, at length agreed to help him and marched to Rome at the head of a large force of soldiers from the Etruscan towns lying northward, in the valley  
20 of the Po. The Romans had made a fortification on Janiculum, separated from the city by a wooden bridge over the Tiber.

But Porsena and his allies by a forced march surprised the Romans, seized Janiculum, and were about to cross the river,  
25 when the Roman, Horatius Cocles, with two companions, dashed to the end of the bridge nearest Janiculum and held back the invaders whilst the citizens cut down the bridge.



Macaulay has described the scene in this poem, which is one of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." "Horatius" consists of nearly six hundred lines, or about twenty-five pages. As it is too long to quote entire, we have chosen the best of it—enough to give the story and the finest of the descriptive passages.]

5

Lars Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

10

East and west and south and north

15

The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan

Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome!

20

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain

From many a stately market place,  
From many a fruitful plain;

25



From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine. . . .

5 But by the yellow Tiber  
Was tumult and affright;  
From all the spacious champaign  
To Rome men took their flight.  
A mile around the city  
10 The throng stopped up the ways;  
A fearful sight it was to see  
Through two long nights and days. . . .

I wis, in all the Senate  
There was no heart so bold  
15 But sore it ached and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith uprose the Consul,  
Uprose the Fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
20 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing  
Before the River Gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.



Out spake the Consul roundly :

“The bridge must straight go down ;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town.”

Just then a scout came flying,

5

All wild with haste and fear :

‘To arms ! to arms, Sir Consul !

Lars Porsena is here.”

On the low hills to westward

The Consul fixed his eye,

10

And saw the swarthy storm of dust

Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come ;

And louder still and still more loud,

15

From underneath that rolling cloud,

Is heard the trumpet’s war note proud,

The trampling and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly,

Now through the gloom appears,

20

Far to left and far to right,

In broken gleams of dark-blue light,

The long array of helmets bright,

The long array of spears. . . .

But the Consul’s brow was sad,

25

And the Consul’s speech was low,



And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly-at the foe.  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down;  
5 And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate:  
"To every man upon this earth  
10 Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his Gods, . . .

15 "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
20 May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —  
A Ramnian proud was he:



"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius—  
Of Titian blood was he:

"I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee." 5

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three. 10

For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party; 15  
Then all were for the State;

Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great;

Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold: 20

The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old. . . .

Now while the Three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man 25  
To take in hand an ax;



And Fathers mixed with Commons  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below.

5 Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noonday light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.

10 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host, with measured tread,  
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
15 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose ;  
20 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way ;

25 Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of Vines ;



And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers 5  
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath ; 10  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth ;  
At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust,  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms 15  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman Three ;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea ; 20  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar,  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields and slaughtered men 25  
Along Albinia's shore.



Herminius smote down Aruns ;

Lartius laid Ocnus low ;

Right to the heart of Lausulus

Horatius sent a blow.

5 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!

No more, aghast and pale,

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark

The track of thy destroying bark ;

No more Campania's hinds shall fly

10 To woods and caverns, when they spy

Thy thrice accursed sail." . . .

But meanwhile ax and lever

Have manfully been plied,

And now the bridge hangs tottering

15 Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all.

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

Back, ere the ruin fall!"

20 Back darted Spurius Lartius,

Herminius darted back ;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,

25 And on the farther shore



Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck 5  
Lay right athwart the stream.  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam. 10

And, like a horse unbroken  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb and bounded, 15  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And, whirling down in fierce career  
Battlement and plank and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, 20  
But constant still in mind,  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before  
And the broad flood behind..  
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face. 25



"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,  
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning

Those craven ranks to see;

5 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,

To Sextus naught spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus

The white porch of his home,

And he spake to the noble river

10 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,

Take thou in charge this day!"

15 So he spake, and speaking sheathed

The good sword by his side,

And with his harness on his back

Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow

20 Was heard from either bank,

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

With parted lips and straining eyes,

Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges

25 They saw his crest appear,



All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain;  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy was his armor,  
And spent with changing blows;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose. 10

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing place;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin. 15

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;  
"Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!"  
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
"And bring him safe to shore; 20  
25



For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;

Now on dry earth he stands;

5 Now round him throng the Fathers

To press his gory hands;

And now, with shouts and clapping

And noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the River Gate,

10 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,

That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen

Could plow from morn till night:

15 And they made a molten image

And set it up on high,

And there it stands unto this day

To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,

20 Plain for all folk to see,

Horatius in his harness

Halting upon one knee;

And underneath is written

In letters all of gold

25 How valiantly he kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.



And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

5

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Macaulay's life. 2. Who was Lars Porsena, and how did he happen to be fighting the Romans? Who was Tarquin? 3. Locate upon a map Rome, the Tiber, Ostia, the Apennines, Clusium (now Chiusi, near Florence). Who were the Etruscans? In what valley was Etruria (now Tuscany)? 4. What is meant by the Nine Gods? by a "trysting day"? by "the spacious champaign"? What makes the Tiber yellow? Explain "I wis." (In old English "iwis" or "ywis" was an adverb, meaning "certainly." It was sometimes, as here, written with a capital, because "wis" was thought to be a verb.) 5. Explain "consul," "the Fathers." 6. What and where was Janiculum? Explain or draw a diagram showing how the bridge lay. (The river here runs nearly south. Rome was on the east side of it; Janiculum on the west.) 7. Note especially the picture beginning with line 9, page 31, and the phrases "red whirlwind," "rolling cloud," "broken gleams of dark-blue light," "long array of helmets bright," "spears." 8. What was Horatius' argument for remaining at his post of duty? Memorize this stanza. 9. Read



and memorize the stanza that tells the condition of the Roman republic in its early days. 10. Explain "And Fathers mixed with Commons," "Came flashing back the noonday light," "like surges bright of a broad sea of gold," "Umbrian powers," "the pale waves of Nar." 11. Explain the reference to the "great wild boar." (There is a legend that an enormous boar once roamed the marshes around Cosa — now Orbetello — not far from the mouth of the river Albinia, killing men and destroying property. It was at length conquered by Aruns, lord or king of Volsinium.) 12. Explain "Lie there . . . fell *pirate*" (Lausulus is said to have been a sea rover who preyed upon the commerce of the Italian coasts. Ostia is the seaport of Rome), "Campania's hinds," "boiling tide." 13. Explain the figure beginning "And, like a horse unbroken." Is this a simile or a metaphor? (See Advanced Literary Reader, Part I, page 71.)

14. What does the mention of Horatius' home (line 8, page 38) add to the picture? 15. What do the words "O Tiber! father Tiber!" tell you of the way in which Horatius regarded the river? 16. What do the remarks of Sextus and of Porsena (lines 20, 24, page 39) tell us of the character of the two men? 17. Explain "the Comitium," "the Volscian." 18. What reward did Horatius have? (There was more than the corn land and the statue.) 19. What was the great service that Horatius rendered to his country and to all men in doing this deed? Was it more than simply keeping the Etruscans out of Rome?

Read others of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Also, as examples of a soldier's duty, Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," and Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris."



ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES  
THE SECOND

[This description of life in England at the end of the reign of Charles II, in 1685, is abridged from the third chapter of Macaulay's "History of England."]

Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the 5  
Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. It had been built, for the most part, of wood and plaster; the few bricks that were used were ill baked; the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets, and were overhung by 10  
the upper stories.

The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which 15  
these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and green-grocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the car- 20  
riage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met they cocked



their hats in each other's faces and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter  
5 probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls,  
10 bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another  
15 class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, and beating quiet men.

The Londoner of that age was, indeed, a different being  
20 from the rustic Englishman. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent,  
25 the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts marked him out as an excellent subject



for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the Lord Mayor's 5 show.

If he went into a shop he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable 10 coffeehouse, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and 15 humiliations which he had undergone. There he once more felt himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord lieutenant. 20

It was by the highways that both travelers and goods generally passed from place to place. And those highways appear to have been far worse than might have been expected from the degree of wealth and civilization which the nation had even then attained. On the best 25 lines of communication the ruts were deep, the descents precipitous, and the way often such as it was hardly



possible to distinguish, in the dusk, from the uninclosed heath and fen which lay on both sides. It was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the  
5 right and the left, and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire. At such times obstructions and quarrels were frequent, and the path was sometimes blocked up during a long time by carriers, neither of whom would break the way. It happened almost every  
10 day that coaches stuck fast until a team of cattle could be procured from some neighboring farm to tug them out of the slough. But in bad seasons the traveler had to encounter inconveniences still more serious. Thoresby, who was in the habit of traveling between Leeds and the  
15 capital, has recorded, in his Diary, such a series of perils and disasters as might suffice for a journey to the Frozen Ocean or to the Desert of Sahara.

Whatever might be the way in which a journey was performed, the travelers, unless they were numerous and  
20 well armed, ran considerable risk of being stopped and plundered. The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. The waste tracts which lie on the great routes near London were especially haunted by plunderers  
25 of this class. The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping Forest, even in broad daylight. Seamen who had just been paid off at Chatham were often



compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier by the greatest of poets as the scene of the depredations of Poins and Falstaff. The public authorities seem to have been often at a loss how to deal with these enterprising plunderers.

5

It was necessary to the success and even to the safety of the highwayman that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffeehouses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest, therefore, attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity, of their occasional acts of generosity and good-nature, of their miraculous escapes, of their desperate struggles, and of their manly bearing at the bar and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner; that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his

10

15

20

25



fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named  
5 first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders; how at the head of his troop he stopped a lady's coach, in which there was a booty of four hundred pounds; how he took only one hundred and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on  
10 the heath.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Explain the meaning of the words "nucleus," "facetious," "greengrocers," "gave the wall," "roisterers," "shoved towards the kennel," "Montague House," "plied their trade with impunity," "sedans." 2. What were some of the objectionable features of London life in 1685? 3. What can you say of the treatment of country gentlemen in London at that time? 4. Explain "Lascar," "the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of templars," "assizes." 5. What was the condition of the English highways? 6. Explain "precipitous," "uninclosed," "quagmire." 7. Where is Gadshill, and what is meant by the depredations of Poins and Falstaff? (See Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, Act II, scene ii.) 8. Explain "at the bar and in the cart," "spared by the royal clemency," "tempted his fate," "notorious offenders," "dancing a coranto."

Other good prose selections from Macaulay are the descriptions of Westminster Hall from "Warren Hastings" and of the French Revolutionary leaders in "Barère."



## JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

1801-1890

In the heart of London, not far from the Bank of England, John Henry Newman was born in 1801. His father was a banker and at that time a prosperous man, though he afterwards lost his fortune. His mother was of French descent, her ancestors being Huguenots who 5 had come to England in the reign of Charles the Second to escape the persecutions in France.

John Henry was the eldest of a family of six children. As a boy he was gentle, affectionate, and true-hearted. He read the Bible early, and it is said that he knew 10 it almost by heart. The clear and forcible English style which marked his writings later in life probably came in large measure from this knowledge and training.

When he was seven his father sent him to a private school at Ealing, where there were about three hundred 15 pupils. He was shy and not particularly fond of outdoor sports, but was very popular among his schoolmates because of his kindness and thoughtfulness, his brilliant mind, and his unassuming ways.

He began to practice composition at a very early age. 20 At nine he kept a diary in which he wrote verses and observations upon men and things. He was critical of

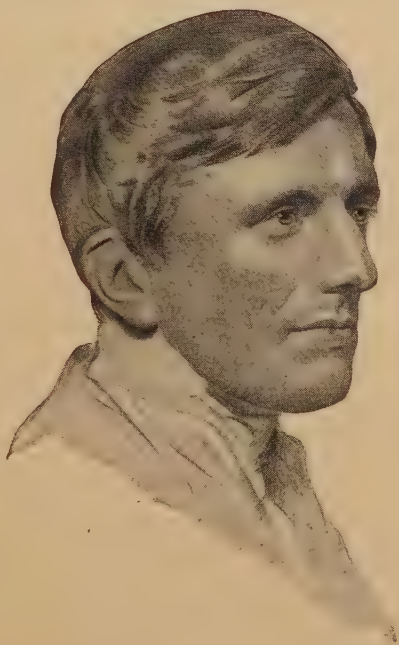


his work, and generally it did not satisfy him. At the end of his diary he says, "I think I shall burn it," but he never did. He was fond of music and when still very young played admirably upon the violin. At twelve  
5 he composed an opera; at fourteen he began a paper which he called *The Spy*. Not content with this, he soon afterwards began another paper called *The Anti-Spy*, in which he criticized what he had written in *The Spy* and showed the absurdity of it.

10 He was an imaginative, dreamy boy. Writing, long afterwards, of those days, he says: "I wished the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel and all  
15 this world a playful deception."

At sixteen he went to Oxford and at twenty-one was made a Fellow of Oriel College—a high honor for a young man and one which at once brought him into notice as a scholar. He studied law for a short time,  
20 but decided to devote himself to the ministry, became a clergyman of the Church of England, and for nearly twenty years was vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, while still retaining his connection with the university. At the age of forty-four he changed his religious belief and  
25 entered the Roman Catholic Church, in which he became a priest and in his later years a cardinal. He died in 1890, at the age of eighty-nine.





*John Henry Newman*



## A GENTLEMAN

[This description of a gentleman is taken from one of a series of addresses on "The Idea of a University," given in Dublin.]

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both  
5 refined and as far as it goes accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a  
10 personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though Nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids  
15 whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his  
20 company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never  
25 wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them,



and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything 5 for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he 10 observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing, and re- 15 signed, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is 20 forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits. 25



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of Cardinal Newman. 2. What brief definition of a gentleman is given in the first paragraph? 3. In what way is a gentleman like an easy-chair or a good fire? 4. Explain "clashing of opinion," "collision of feeling," "resentment," "merciful towards the absurd," "unseasonable allusions," "He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring."

5. What is meant by defending oneself by a mere retort? by being "scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him"? What are personalities? 6. Repeat and memorize the "maxim of the ancient sage." 7. Define "inevitable," "bereavement," "irreparable," "destiny," "candor." 8. Make a list of the chief characteristics of a gentleman. 9. Do you agree with Newman's description?

Read Newman's famous hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which he wrote during a calm at sea on his return to England from Italy. This may be found in almost any hymnal.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. — THACKERAY

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. — EMERSON



## VICTOR HUGO

1802-1885

In the fortified city of Besançon, in the east of France, during the early part of the year 1802, a garrison of Napoleon's army was quartered, enjoying a brief respite between wars. One of the officers, Major Hugo, chief of battalion, had sent for his wife and his two boys to spend 5 the winter with him, and was making his quarters as homelike as the circumstances would allow, when, on the twenty-sixth of February, another boy was born into his family, whom he named Victor, thinking perhaps of the triumphs of the French armies and of the peace which 10 was then being made with England.

Napoleon was soon at war again, and Major Hugo became Colonel Hugo, and then General Hugo, and finally Count Hugo. He loved his family, and when he was not fighting, he usually sent for them to come and 15 share his soldier's quarters. So it happened that the most of Victor Hugo's boyhood was spent in following the army and living in camps and fortresses, now in Corsica, now in Italy, now in Spain. During the father's active campaigns the boys, with Madame Hugo, lived in Paris, 20 in a large, rambling old building which had once been used as a convent, and which Victor's vivid imagination



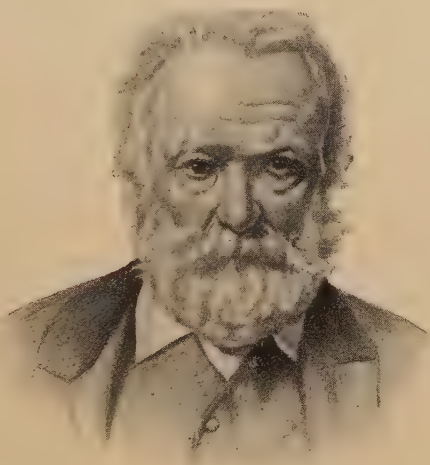
peopled with all sorts of mysterious beings. He says, "My instructors were a garden, an old priest, and my mother."

When he was nine years old, he spent a year in Madrid, where his father was then stationed, and there he attended the Spanish College of the Nobles. This journey to Spain and the year in Madrid he never forgot. At thirteen he entered the College Louis le Grand in Paris, where he took high rank in mathematics and natural sciences. He found time also to read much outside his class work, and was fascinated by the works of Chateaubriand who was then the greatest of living French writers. In one of Hugo's schoolbooks of that period was found written in his schoolboy hand the words, "I want to be Chateaubriand or nothing." Not many years later he had made himself greater than Chateaubriand.

Young Hugo was very fond of poetry, and before he was fifteen had written in verse a number of odes, letters, and translations, besides a tragedy and a comic opera. At fifteen he wrote a poem for a prize offered by the French Academy, and though he did not win the prize, he received honorable mention. Two years later he won three prizes for poems written for the floral games of Toulouse and with one of his brothers began the same year the publication of a literary journal.

Two years later the journal failed. At about the same time his mother died, and he had a falling out with his father, due largely, it is believed, to some political





*Victor Hugo.*



disagreement. His father stopped his allowance, and for several years the young man had great difficulty in earning enough to supply himself with food and clothing; but with his brother's help he published a volume of poems  
5 which brought him into notice and which led King Louis XVIII to grant him a pension. With this pension and the money which his book brought him he was able to marry a certain Adèle, who had been his playmate when he was a child in Paris.

10 At the age of twenty-three Hugo was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Within the next six years he had written several more volumes of poems, three dramas, and his first great novel, "Notre Dame de Paris." Other works followed. At forty-three he was made a peer of  
15 France. Then came the downfall and expulsion of King Louis Philippe and the establishment of the second French republic, with Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the first Napoleon, as its president. Hugo was a member of the National Assembly and supported the new head of  
20 the government until the latter overthrew the republic and proclaimed himself emperor with the title of Napoleon III.

This aroused all Hugo's opposition. He did what he could to defeat the schemes of the new emperor, and as a result was exiled. Then he went to Brussels and wrote  
25 a scathing satire called "Napoleon the Little," which created such a storm that he was obliged to flee from Brussels. Next he went to the island of Jersey, in the



English Channel, and continued to write satires against the emperor, criticizing also the queen of England for joining with him in the Crimean War. This criticism of England made it necessary for him to move again, and he went to Guernsey, where he lived seventeen years. 5 There he wrote his greatest novel, "Les Misérables," which was published in ten different languages upon the same day. There also he wrote "Toilers of the Sea" and several volumes of poems and essays.

In 1870 came the Franco-Prussian War. France was 10 defeated, the emperor was dethroned, and the present French republic was proclaimed. Hugo returned to Paris, was received with open arms, and was made a member of the National Assembly. Soon afterwards his last novel, "Ninety-Three," was published. 15

Hugo's eightieth birthday was made a public holiday in Paris, and for the remaining three years of his life he was honored by all classes. His sturdy figure, with the white hair and beard, was known to almost every one in Paris, as he walked the streets and boulevards in all 20 kinds of weather with no umbrella to keep off the rain and no overcoat to protect him from the cold. Though rich, he preferred an omnibus to a cab, and felt that anything that was good enough for the people was good enough for him. The people! He was always planning 25 for them and always upholding their rights and interests. They were the leading motive in Hugo's life.



## LITTLE GAVROCHE

[This selection is from "Les Misérables," Hugo's strongest novel. The title means "The Unfortunate Ones" or "The Wretched Ones." It describes life among the poor of Paris and tells the story of a man who had been wronged and persecuted, but who kept his heart from hate and spent his life in doing good to others. Little Gavroche is a street urchin of Paris. He shows the shrewdness of a child who has had to look out for himself, and the sympathy of one who has suffered.]

Spring in Paris is frequently accompanied with keen,  
10 sharp north winds, by which one is not exactly frozen,  
but thoroughly chilled. These winds, which mar the  
brightest days, have exactly the same effect as those  
currents of cold air which enter a warm room through  
the cracks of an ill-closed door or window. It seems as  
15 if the dreary door of winter were partly open and the  
wind were coming through it.

One evening when these winds were blowing sharply  
—so sharply that January seemed to have returned—  
and the citizens had put on their cloaks again, little  
20 Gavroche, shivering cheerfully under his rags, was stand-  
ing, as if in ecstasy, before a hairdresser's shop. He was  
adorned with a woman's woolen shawl, picked up nobody  
knows where, of which he had made a muffler. Little  
Gavroche seemed to be lost in admiration of a waxen  
25 image of a bride wearing a low-necked dress and with



orange flowers in her hair — which figure was revolving between two lamps and lavishing its smile upon the passers-by.

As he was contemplating the bride, he muttered between his teeth: "Tuesday. This isn't Tuesday. Is it 5 Tuesday? Perhaps it is Tuesday. Yes, it is Tuesday."

To what this monologue related was never known. If, perchance, it referred to the last time he had dined, it was three days before, for this was Friday.

While Gavroche was examining the bride and the 10 windows, two boys of unequal height, rather decently dressed and younger than himself, one apparently about seven years old, the other five, timidly turned the knob of the door and entered the shop, asking for something — charity, perhaps — in a plaintive murmur which was 15 more like a sob than a request. They both spoke at once, and their words were unintelligible because sobs choked the voice of the younger, while the cold made the elder's teeth chatter. The barber turned with a furious face and, without laying down his razor, pushed the elder boy into 20 the street with his left hand, and the little one with his knee, and shut the door, saying, "Would you come and freeze people for nothing!"

The two children went on, crying. Meanwhile a cloud had come up, and it began to rain.

25

Little Gavroche ran after the children and accosted them: "What is the matter with you, youngsters?"



"We don't know where to sleep," replied the elder.

"Is that all?" asked Gavroche. "That's a great thing to cry about! Are you canary birds?"

And assuming, through his somewhat bantering superiority, a tone of softened authority and gentle protection, he added, "Come with me, babes."

"Yes, sir," said the elder.

And the two children followed him as they would have followed an archbishop. They had stopped crying.

10 Gavroche led them along the Rue St. Antoine in the direction of the Bastille, and as he departed, cast an indignant and retrospective glance at the hairdresser's shop.

"He has no heart, that barber," he muttered. Then, looking at the cloud, he cried, "Hello! It is raining again."

15 The two children limped along behind him, and as they passed one of those thick-grated lattices which indicate a baker's shop — for bread, like gold, is kept behind gratings — Gavroche turned: "By the way, youngsters, have you dined?"

20 "Mister," answered the elder, "we have not had anything to eat since early this morning."

"Then you haven't a father or mother?" continued Gavroche, majestically.

"I beg your pardon, sir, we have a papa and a mamma, 25 but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that is better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was a philosopher in a small way.



"For two hours now," continued the elder lad, "we have been walking; we have been looking for things in every corner, but we can find nothing."

"I know," said Gavroche. "The dogs eat up everything."

5

He stopped, and for some minutes groped and fumbled in all sorts of recesses which he had in his rags. At last he raised his head with an air which was only intended to express satisfaction, but which was in reality triumphant.

"Let us compose ourselves, babes. Here is supper for 10 three."

And he drew a sou from one of his pockets.

Without giving the two boys time for amazement, he pushed them both before him into the baker's shop, and laid his sou on the counter, crying, "Boy! a cent's worth 15 of bread."

The man, who was the master baker himself, took a loaf and a knife.

"In three pieces, boy," remarked Gavroche; and he added with dignity, "There are three of us."

20

The baker could not help smiling, and while cutting the bread, gazed at the children in a compassionate way which offended Gavroche.

"Well, baker's man," said he, "what is there about us that you should measure us like that?"

25

When the bread was cut, the baker put the sou into the till, and Gavroche said to the children, "Fill up!"

B ✓



At the same time he handed each of them a piece of bread. One piece was smaller than the other two; he took that for himself.

The poor boys, Gavroche included, were starving. While  
5 they were tearing the bread with their teeth, they encumbered the shop of the baker, who, now that he had received his pay, was looking at them somewhat ill-humoredly.

"Come into the street," said Gavroche.

They went on in the direction of the Bastille.

10 Twenty years ago there might still have been seen in the southeast corner of the square of the Bastille, near the canal basin dug in the ancient moat of the prison citadel, a grotesque monument which has now faded away from the memory of Parisians. We say monument,  
15 though it was only a plaster cast, but this cast was prodigious. It represented an elephant forty feet high, constructed of framework and masonry, bearing on its back a tower which resembled a house, once painted green by some calciminer, now painted black by the sun, the  
20 rain, and the dust. In that open and deserted corner of the square the broad forehead of the colossus — its trunk, its tusks, its tower, its enormous back, its four legs like columns — produced at night, under a starlit sky, a startling and terrible outline.

25 Few strangers visited this edifice, and passers-by had ceased to look at it. It was falling into ruin; and each season the dropping of pieces of plaster from its sides



made hideous wounds upon it. It stood there in its corner, gloomy, sick, crumbling, surrounded by a rotten fence. There were yawning cracks in its stomach, a lath issued from its tail, and grass grew between its legs. It was unclean, neglected, repulsive, and superb. 5

As we have said, night altered its appearance. So soon as twilight fell, the old elephant was transfigured and assumed a tranquil and terrible form in the fearful serenity of the darkness. Being of the past, it was of the night; and this obscurity only set off its grandeur. 10

Toward this corner of the square, dimly lighted by the reflection of a distant oil lamp, Gavroche led the two children. As they came near the colossus, Gavroche understood the effect which the infinitely great may produce upon the infinitely small, and said, "Youngsters, 15 don't be frightened."

Then he entered through a hole in the fence into the inclosure around the elephant and helped the children to crawl through the breach. The two lads, a little frightened, followed him without a word and trusted 20 themselves to that little Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised them a lodging.

Lying by the side of the fence was a ladder. Gavroche lifted it with singular vigor and set it up against one of the elephant's forelegs. At the point where the ladder 25 ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the under side of the colossus. Gavroche showed the



ladder and the hole to his guests, and said "Up, and get in."

The two little fellows looked at each other in growing terror.

5 "You are afraid, youngsters!" exclaimed Gavroche. Then he added, "You shall see."

He clasped the elephant's wrinkled foot, and in a twinkling, without deigning to make use of the ladder, he reached the hole. He went in as a lizard glides into  
10 a crevice, and a moment later the two children saw his face dimly looking out, like a pale, wan apparition, at the edge of the hole full of darkness.

"Well," he cried, "come up, my blessed babes, and see how snug it is. Come up," said he to the elder;  
15 "I'll give you a hand."

The little ones urged each other forward. The gamin made them afraid and reassured them at the same time; and then it was raining very hard. The elder ventured. The younger, seeing his brother go up and himself left  
20 alone between the paws of this huge beast, had a great desire to cry, but did not dare.

The elder clambered up the rounds of the ladder. He tottered badly. Gavroche, meanwhile, encouraged him with such exclamations as a fencing master might give  
25 to his scholars, or a muleteer to his mules: "Don't be afraid! That's it! Come on! Put your foot there! Your hand here! Good!"



And when the boy came within his reach, he caught him quickly and vigorously by the arm and drew him up.

"Swallowed!" he said.

The boy had passed through the hole.

"Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Be good enough 5  
to sit down."

And going out of the hole as he had entered, he slid down the elephant's leg with the agility of a monkey, landed upon his feet in the grass, caught the little five-year-old around the waist, and set him halfway up the 10 ladder; then he began to mount up behind, crying to the elder boy, "I'll push and you pull."

In an instant the little fellow was lifted, pushed, dragged, pulled, stuffed, crammed through the hole without having had time to know what was going on. Gav- 15 roche, entering after him and kicking away the ladder so that it fell upon the grass, began to clap his hands and cried, "Here we are! Hurrah for General Lafayette!"

After this explosion he added, "Youngsters, you are in my house." 20

Gavroche was in fact at home. . . .

The hole by which Gavroche had entered was a break hardly visible from the outside, concealed as it was, on the under side of the elephant, and so narrow that nothing but cats and boys could pass through it. 25

"Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not in."

✓



And plunging into the darkness like one who knows every corner of his room, he took a board and stopped the hole.

Gavroche plunged again into the darkness. The children heard the sputtering of a taper plunged into a  
5 bottle of phosphorus—for matches did not then exist. A sudden light made them blink; Gavroche had lighted one of those bits of string dipped in pitch, called "cellar rats," and this thing, which made more smoke than light, rendered the inside of the elephant dimly visible.

10 Gavroche's two guests looked about them, and felt somewhat as Jonah must have felt inside the whale. An entire gigantic skeleton was visible to them and shut them in. Above their heads a long brown beam, from which at regular distances sprang heavy crossbars, repre-  
15 sented the spine and ribs of the creature. Stalactites of plaster hung down between them, and vast spider webs spread from side to side. Here and there, in the corners, could be seen black spots which seemed alive and changed places with a quick and startled movement.

20 The smaller boy hugged close to his brother and said in a low tone, "It's dark."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Gavroche. "Must you have a palace?"

A little roughness is good in terror, for it reassures.  
25 The two children drew nearer to Gavroche, who, affected paternally by this confidence, passed from sternness to gentleness, and addressing the younger lad:



"Silly!" he said, toning down the insult with a caressing inflection of the voice, "it is outside that it's black. Outside it rains, and here it does not rain; outside it is cold, and here there is not a breath of wind; outside there's a heap of people, and here there's nobody; outside 5 there's not even the moon, and here there's a candle."

The two lads began to regard the apartment with less fear, but Gavroche did not allow them any longer leisure for contemplation.

"Quick!" said he.

10

And he pushed them toward what we are happy to call the end of the room — where his bed was. Gavroche's bed was complete; that is to say, there was a mattress, a coverlet, and a canopy with curtains. The mattress was a straw mat; the coverlet was a rather wide wrapper of 15 coarse gray wool, very warm and almost new. The canopy was made by three long supports firmly driven into the plaster of the floor, two in front and one behind, and tied together by a string at the top, so as to form a frame. This frame supported a screen of brass-wire netting, 20 which was hung over it and artistically fastened by iron wire so that it entirely surrounded the three poles. A row of large stones fastened down the screen, allowing nothing to pass under it. The screen was nothing more nor less than a fragment of the nettings which are used for bird 25 houses in menageries, and Gavroche's bed was under it as in a cage.



Gavroche moved a few of the stones that held down the netting in front, and the two folds, which lay one over the other, opened.

"Now, then! on all fours!" said Gavroche.

5 He made his guests enter the cage carefully; then he crept in after them, replaced the stones, and closed the opening. All three lay down upon the straw.

"Now," said Gavroche, "to roost! I am going to remove the chandelier."

10 "Mister," inquired the elder boy, pointing to the netting, "what is that thing?"

"That," said Gavroche, gravely, "is for the rats."

While he was talking, he wrapped a fold of the coverlet about the smaller one, who murmured: "Oh! that is  
15 good. It is warm."

As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the middle, Gavroche tucked the coverlet under the little fellow as a mother would have done, and raised the mat under his head with some old rags, to make a pillow.  
20 Then he turned toward the elder: "Eh! we are pretty well off here?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the elder, looking at Gavroche with the expression of a rescued angel.

The two poor little soaked children were beginning to  
25 get warm.

"By the way," continued Gavroche; "what in the world were you blubbering about?"



And pointing to the little one, he added, "I say nothing to a youngster like that, but for a big boy like you to cry is idiotic; it makes you look like a calf."

"Well, sir," said the child, "we had n't any lodging, — no place to go. And then we were afraid to be all alone 5 like that in the night."

"Listen to me," continued Gavroche. "You must never blubber for anything. I'll take care of you, and you'll see what fun we shall have. In summer we'll go to the park with a friend of mine. We'll go swimming in the 10 dock. We'll go to see the skeleton man. He's alive and as thin as you please. And then I'll take you to the theater. I can get tickets, for I know some of the actors; I even acted once myself. A lot of us boys ran about under a canvas, and that made the sea. I will get you an en- 15 gagement at my theater. Ah! we shall have great fun!"

At this moment a drop of pitch fell on Gavroche's hand and recalled him to the realities of life.

Said he: "There's the match used up. Listen! I can't afford more than a sou a month for my illumina- 20 tion. When people go to bed, they are expected to go to sleep."

The storm grew more furious, and in the intervals of the thunder the rain could be heard beating upon the back of the colossus.

25

"Pour away, rain," said Gavroche. "It does me good to hear the old water bottle emptying itself down the legs



of my house. The storm's a fool; he throws away his goods, he loses his trouble, he can't wet us, and that's what makes him grumble."

This allusion to thunder was followed by a vivid flash, 5 so blinding that something of it entered by the hole into the body of the elephant. Almost at the same instant the thunder burst forth again most furiously. The two little boys uttered a cry and rose so quickly that the wire canopy was almost thrown down; but Gavroche turned his bold 10 face toward them and took advantage of the clap of thunder to burst into a laugh.

"Be calm, children. Don't upset the edifice. That was fine thunder; give us some more."

Then he restored the netting to its position, gently 15 pushed the two children to the head of the bed, pressed their knees to make them stretch out at full length, and exclaimed: "Youngsters, we must sleep. It's very bad not to sleep. Wrap yourselves well up in the blanket, for I'm going to put out the light. Are you all right?"

20 "Yes," murmured the elder boy, "I'm all right. I feel as if I had a feather pillow under my head."

The two children hugged close to each other. Gavroche finished arranging them upon the mat and pulled the coverlet up to their ears; then he repeated in his mystic 25 language, "Now, roost!" and blew out the taper.

Hardly was the light extinguished when a singular tremor began to shake the screen under which the three



children were lying. It was a multitude of dull rubbings, which produced a metallic sound, as if claws and teeth were assailing the brass wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little sharp cries.

The five-year-old, hearing this tumult above his head 5 and shivering with fear, nudged his elder brother, but the elder brother was "roosting" already, as Gavroche had ordered him. Then the little one, unable to keep still, for fright, ventured to accost Gavroche, but very low and holding his breath: "Mister!" 10

"Hey?" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

"What is that?"

"It's the rats," answered Gavroche.

And he laid his head again upon the mat. The rats, in fact, which swarmed by thousands in the elephant's carcass 15 and which were the live black spots to which we have alluded, had been held in check by the flame of the taper so long as it was alight; but as soon as this cavern, which was, so to speak, their city, had been restored to night, sniffing what that famous story-teller Perrault 20 calls "fresh meat," they rushed in crowds upon Gavroche's tent, climbed to the top, and were biting its meshes as if trying to get through this new-fashioned mosquito bar. The boy did not sleep. "Mister!" he said.

"Hey?" said Gavroche. 25.

"What are rats?"

"They're mice."



This explanation slightly reassured the child. He had seen some white mice in the course of his life, and had not been afraid of them. However, he raised his voice again: "Mister!"

5 "Hey?" replied Gavroche.

"Why don't you keep a cat?"

"I had one," answered Gavroche. "I brought her here, but they ate her up for me."

This second explanation undid the work of the first,  
10 and the little fellow began to tremble once more. The dialogue was resumed for the fourth time: "Mister!"

"Hey?"

"Who was it that was eaten up?"

"The cat."

15 "Who was it that ate the cat?"

"The rats."

"The mice?"

"Yes, the rats."

The child, dismayed by these mice who ate cats, con-  
20 tinued: "Mister, would those mice eat us?"

"Oh, yes!" said Gavroche.

The child's terror was complete, but Gavroche added:  
"Don't be afraid. They can't get in. And then I am here. Take my hand, keep quiet, and go to sleep."

25 Gavroche at the same time took the little fellow's hand across his brother. The child clasped Gavroche's hand against his body and felt safe, for courage and strength



have mysterious communications. It was once more silent about them; the sound of voices had startled and driven away the rats. When they returned a few minutes later and made another furious attack, they brought no terror with them; the three boys, plunged in slumber, heard them no more.

Darkness covered the square of the Bastille; a cold wind, which mingled with the rain, blew in gusts. Policemen examined doors, alleys, yards, and dark corners, and while searching for nocturnal vagabonds, passed silently before the elephant. The monster, erect and motionless, with eyes open in the darkness, appeared to be lost in thought and congratulating himself upon his good deed, for he was sheltering from the heavens and from men the three poor, sleeping children.

15

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of Hugo. 2. From what book is this selection taken, and what is the book about? 3. What is the purpose of the first paragraph, and what impression does it make upon you? What figure of speech do you find in it? 4. Give a description of little Gavroche, (*a*) his looks, (*b*) his character. In describing his character, tell what you find in the story to judge him by. 5. Define "ecstasy," "monologue," "unintelligible," "bantering." 6. What was the wax figure for, and why did it interest Gavroche? 7. What impression does the scene in the hairdresser's shop make upon you? (In France a barber is often a hairdresser and wigmaker as well.) 8. What



is a *retrospective* glance? What does the word "limped" add to the force of the description? 9. Explain "for bread, like gold, is kept behind gratings." 10. What does Gavroche's remark about the children's father and mother tell you of himself? 11. What were the *recesses* in Gavroche's rags? How much is a sou?

12. Describe the elephant. What was it for? What figure of speech in "made hideous wounds upon it," and what does that add to the force of the description? Why is the elephant called *superb*? 13. Explain "the fearful serenity of the darkness." What is a *colossus*? What other words do we have from the same root? 14. Explain "that little Providence in rags." What other words do we have from the same root as Providence? Define "gamin." 15. Why was the boy afraid to cry?

16. Describe the inside of the elephant. Where do you suppose Gavroche got the wire netting? What does this tell you about him? 17. Explain "stalactites of plaster." Explain the figure. 18. Explain the figure that refers to Jonah. 19. Explain "the expression of a rescued angel." 20. Explain the figure of the water bottle; the figure beginning, "The storm's a fool." 21. What does the sound of the rats add to the effect of the scene? Would it have been stronger or weaker if the boys had seen the rats? Why? 22. Explain "courage and strength have mysterious communications."

Other selections from "Les Misérables" which will interest you are Cosette at Madame Thenardier's, The Battle of Waterloo, and Jean Valjean and the Bishop. The most readable part of "Les Misérables," containing the main story and omitting the philosophy, is published in a book called "Jean Valjean," in "Classics for Children."



## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806-1861

Elizabeth Barrett, the eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Moulton Barrett, was born at Coxhoe Hall, near Durham, in the north of England in 1806. Her father was a member of Parliament, and a rather bumptious, fussy gentleman, who ruled his family with a rod of iron. When Elizabeth was very young, he bought a handsome estate in Herefordshire, and there the girl passed her childhood and youth. Her mother was a weak woman in both body and spirit, and did not live to see her daughter grow up. Her father was extremely proud of Elizabeth's talent, extremely anxious that every one should recognize it, and, as she afterwards said, did his best to spoil her by printing and circulating at his own expense a so-called epic poem entitled "The Battle of Marathon," which she wrote at the age of thirteen. 5 10 15

The first fifteen years of Elizabeth Barrett's life were spent roaming or riding over the Malvern Hills and reading good books. Pope's translation of Homer was her favorite, and the reading of it led her to study Greek with her brothers' tutor. Other languages she taught herself. 20

At fifteen she injured her spine by a fall from a horse, and this led to other troubles which made her an invalid



for years. The family soon afterwards moved to London. There in the seclusion of a darkened room she continued to write, and soon became known in literary circles.

There Robert Browning met and loved her. He felt  
5 convinced that if she could have air and sunlight she  
would grow strong again, and so firm was this conviction within him that in spite of the opposition of her father and the doctors, he married her and took her to Italy, where she gained strength and where they lived  
10 together happily for more than fifteen years, until her death. For the story of their Italian life see the life of Robert Browning, in the Literary Readers, Book Six.

### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

[Pan, in the Greek mythology, was god of the woods and fields, and especially of flocks and shepherds. He is represented as a somewhat rough creature with shaggy beard and  
15 hair and the legs and feet of a goat. He made strange, sweet music on the shepherd's pipe, which he invented; he roamed the woods, hunted, frightened people sometimes by his wild ways, and passed a careless, happy sort of existence.]

20 What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
25 With the dragon fly on the river.





*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
5 And the dragon fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
10 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
15 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan  
20 (Laughed while he sat by the river),  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.



Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!

Piercing sweet by the river!

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!

The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly

5

Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,

To laugh as he sits by the river,

Making a poet out of a man:

The true gods sigh for the cost and pain, —

10

For the reed which grows nevermore again

As a reed with the reeds in the river.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the life of Mrs. Browning. 2. Who was Pan? Trace the origin of the word *panic*. 3. Explain "scattering ban," "The limpid water *turbidly* ran," "*bleak* steel," "*patient* reed," "Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man." 4. Notice the effect of the music on natural objects in the next to the last stanza. What is meant by "The sun on the hill forgot to die"? 5. The last stanza means that as the natural beauty of the reed was destroyed to make it into a musical instrument, so a man when he becomes a poet may sometimes lose his natural force and become artificial. Mrs. Browning was thinking of some poets who are nothing but musical instruments.

Other simple poems by Mrs. Browning are "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," "The Cry of the Children," "A Portrait," "To Flush, my Dog," and "The Sleep."



## ALFRED TENNYSON

1809-1892

(For life of Tennyson see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 207.)

### THE BUGLE SONG

[In 1842 Tennyson made a journey to Ireland and visited the Lakes of Killarney. The sun was setting, and the golden light fell upon the old castle and the mountain peaks around the lakes. As the poet stood spellbound by the beauty of the  
5 scene, a boatman's bugle sounded over the water and was echoed and reëchoed from cliff to cliff. It seemed like fairyland, and the thin, clear echoes were like the horns of the elves.]

Then the thought came to Tennyson that our lives also have echoes, and that our deeds, whether good or bad, influence  
10 other souls and are repeated back in other lives. But while the bugle echoes grow fainter and fainter until they are lost, the echoes of our deeds grow stronger and go on forever.

This song is introduced at the beginning of Part IV of Tennyson's poem "The Princess." Notice the music of it and  
15 try to express the dying echoes in your reading.]

The splendor falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

20 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.



O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying: 5  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever. 10  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of the life of Tennyson. 2. Under what circumstances was the "Bugle Song" written? 3. What do you see in the first stanza? What is the "splendor" in line 1? Explain "snowy summits old in story." (The mountains around Killarney are the subject of many legends.) 4. What is the important thought in the second stanza? What is meant by "scar"? Why are the glens "purple"? 5. What is the thought in the third stanza? To whom does the poet seem to be speaking? To what does "they" refer? What word or words are contrasted with "they"? Explain how "Our echoes roll from soul to soul." 6. Memorize the poem.

The thought of the last stanza is also found in Moore's "Echoes," in Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song," and in the last stanzas of Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee."



## SIR GALAHAD

[The legends of King Arthur tell how when the knights assembled in the great hall at Camelot, they found a vacant seat which was called the "Siege Perilous," and on it was a writing which declared that no man might sit therein except he  
5 should lose himself. The seat remained long empty, until, one summer evening, Sir Galahad, the purest and most unselfish of King Arthur's knights, came and sat in it, saying, "If I lose myself, I save myself."

At that, a peal of thunder sounded, the roof of the hall  
10 seemed to crack and open, a beam of light shone in, and moving down the beam appeared the Holy Grail, surrounded by a shining cloud. The Grail was the cup which Jesus and his disciples used at the Last Supper. It was said to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea and given into  
15 the keeping of a company of knights, but the knights were not pure, and the Grail vanished. It was said that none might find or look upon it who was not pure in heart.

When the knights who were assembled in King Arthur's hall saw this beam of light and the shining cloud, — they did not see  
20 the Grail itself, for that was hidden, — many cried out and made a vow that they would seek the Grail a twelvemonth and a day. And Galahad also made the vow, for he heard a voice which said, "O Galahad, follow me!"

None of the knights succeeded in recovering the Grail. One  
25 saw it far off; one saw it covered; but Galahad saw it openly again and again. He followed it day after day, "by bridge and ford, by park and pale," and, as he said to Sir Percivale, it never departed from him nor appeared covered, as to the other knights,



. . . but moving with me night and day,  
Fainter by day, but always in the night  
Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh  
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below 5  
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,  
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
And passed thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,  
And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,  
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this 10  
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand.<sup>1</sup>

In the following poem Sir Galahad is represented as telling some of his experiences while following the quest of the Grail. Express in your reading the heroic character of Galahad and the mystery and wonder of the things he sees. Note how 15 differently it should be read from the "Bugle Song."]

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure. 20  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel:  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists, 25  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson, *The Holy Grail*, from "Idylls of the King."



How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:  
5 But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
10 Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
15 Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
20 The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

3  
25 Sometimes on lonely mountain meres  
I find a magic bark;



I leap on board: no helmsman steers:

I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,

5

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,

And starlike mingles with the stars.

10

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,

15

And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;

No branchy thicket shelter yields;

20

But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

25

That often meet me here.



I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
5 And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

10 The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain walls  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
15 "O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
20 Until I find the Holy Grail.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell very briefly the legend of the Holy Grail. Why was Sir Galahad the only one of the knights who saw it uncovered?
2. What gave Galahad such strength and success?
3. Explain "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high," "they roll in clanging



*lists.*" 4. How were the victors in the knightly tournaments rewarded by the ladies (page 85, lines 27 and 28)? The perfume was, of course, the odor of the flowers. 5. How did a true knight always treat a lady? 6. Explain "But all my heart is drawn above, My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine," "more bounteous aspects on me beam," "a virgin heart" (*virgin* here means pure and unspoiled).

7. Explain "When down the stormy crescent goes" (probably the setting of the moon on a stormy night), "the stalls are void," "lonely mountain meres," "in stoles of white," "blood of God," "My spirit beats her mortal bars," "As down dark tides the *glory* slides," "dreaming towns," "The cock crows ere the Christmas morn" (There was an old legend that the cocks used to crow all night before Christmas to drive away evil spirits), "dumb with snow," "crackles on the leads," "a maiden knight," "are touched, are turned to finest air," "So pass I hostel, hall, and grange," "By bridge and ford, by *park and pale*."

8. Try to see the pictures in the last five stanzas and feel the mystery and beauty of the description. Notice how a great inspiration fills Sir Galahad and makes him see things that common, earthy people cannot see. 9. Select the lines or stanzas that you especially like. 10. Memorize the first four lines of the poem, and as much more as you would like to remember.

You will be interested in parts of "The Holy Grail" in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." For the story of the Grail see Greene's "Legends of King Arthur and his Court," Guerber's "Legends of the Middle Ages," Darton's "Wonder Book of Old Romance," or Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur" (from Sir Thomas Malory).



## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

[These verses are from the Canto CVI of "In Memoriam," a poem written by Tennyson to commemorate the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. "In Memoriam" tells how year by year the poet's grief became softened as he gradually saw that  
5 God was directing all things and knew best. At the end of the second year after Hallam's death he hears the New Year's bells ringing in the night, and feels that he must look forward rather than back into the past. So this ringing of the bells seems to bring new life and hope. He wants them to ring out  
10 all that is sad and harmful and wrong, and to ring in a happier and better time.]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
15 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

20 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.



Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, 5  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite; 10  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old, 15  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be. 20

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. From what longer poem is this selection taken? What is the meaning of the title of the longer poem (see Vocabulary), and for what purpose was it written? How does this short



poem fit into the longer one? 2. Think of the picture in the first stanza. What particular words add most to the effect of it? 3. Why is the poet glad that a new year has come? Find two passages in the poem that refer to his sorrow for the death of Hallam. 4. Notice the change in the feeling of the bells between the first and second stanzas — "*wild* bells," "*happy* bells." Why this change?

5. Name the unpleasant things that Tennyson wishes the bells to ring out. Name the good things that he wishes them to ring in. 6. Explain "the feud of rich and poor," "redress to all mankind," "a slowly dying cause," "ancient forms of party strife," "the faithless coldness of the times." 7. Notice the importance that the poet sees in "sweeter manners." Are good manners as important as good laws? What do one's manners show of one's heart?

8. Explain "ring the fuller minstrel in." What does this show of Tennyson's feeling for his own poetry? 9. Explain "false pride in place and blood," "civic slander," "the narrowing lust of gold." 10. What is being done to conquer "old shapes of foul disease"? What to end wars and establish peace? What is meant by "the darkness of the land"? Name some ways in which it can be overcome. 11. Explain "Ring in the Christ that is to be." 12. Notice the unusual verse form. What lines in each stanza make the rimes? 13. Read again the lines that seem to you the finest. 14. Memorize the poem.

Other poems suggested by bells are Poe's "The Bells" (see p. 272), Longfellow's "Christmas Bells," Schiller's "The Song of the Bell," Moore's "Those Evening Bells," Mahony's "The Bells of Shandon." Other good New Year's poems are Tennyson's "The Death of the Old Year" and Sarah Doudney's "Farewell to the Old Year."



## FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

[This simple poem contains a world of thought. The poet plucks a little plant, flower and root and all, out of a cranny in the wall and holds it in his hand. As he looks at it, he thinks that the same laws of nature which make the plant to grow also govern everything in the universe. Life and growth seem so wonderful to him that he exclaims, "If I could only know what you are, and all that is in you, I should know all that is to be known of God and man."]

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but *if* I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

10

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is the thought in this poem? 2. Think of the mystery of a growing plant or of the life that is in a seed. What other things in nature grow according to the same laws? How are they like the plant, and how are they different? 3. Memorize the poem, and think of it when you see a little plant growing. 4. Find the lines that rime.

Read the first four stanzas of Wordsworth's "The Primrose of the Rock," which contains the same thought.



## CROSSING THE BAR

[This is perhaps the most beautiful poem ever written about death. Tennyson's son has said:

It was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before  
5 reaching Farringford he had the "moaning of the bar" in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, "This is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" as "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

10 Read the poem first for the beauty of the picture and the music of the verse. Then read it again to see what Tennyson meant. He felt that he was soon to die, but he was happy in the thought. The earth seemed to him like a quiet harbor. He had sailed into it when an infant, on the tide from the  
15 great ocean of Eternity, the boundless; now it was time for the tide to turn and take him back home. He hears the call, he sees the sunset, the twilight, the evening star, and he is ready to put out to sea. But as his little vessel crosses the harbor bar — by which he means death — he wishes to hear no moan-  
20 ing or sound of sadness; he wants the tide to be so full and deep that it will bear him quietly over the bar without the sound of waves, for just outside he expects to meet his Pilot, God.]

Sunset and evening star,

25 And one clear call for me:

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,



But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, 5  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place 10  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Under what circumstances was this poem written? 2. Explain the meaning of it. 3. For what do the following words or pictures stand, in Tennyson's thought: the sunset, the bar, the sea, the Pilot? 4. Notice the peace and beauty of the picture. Notice also how it changes from line to line — sunset, the evening star, twilight, the bell, the darkness, then the joy of meeting the Pilot. 5. Explain the thought in "When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

Other peaceful pictures of death are Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness"; Emerson's "Terminus"; Mrs. Barbauld's "Life, I Know not What Thou Art"; the Twenty-third Psalm, beginning "Yea, though I walk"; and the fourteenth chapter of St. John.



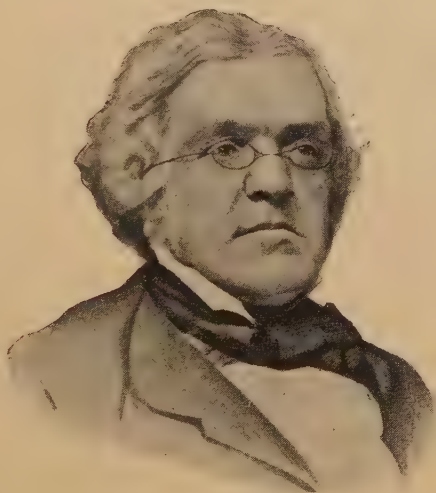
## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

The two great story-writers of Queen Victoria's reign — Thackeray and Dickens — were almost of the same age, Thackeray being but six months the elder. He was the only child of Richmond Thackeray, an English govern-  
5 ment official in India, and was born in Calcutta in the summer of 1811.

When the boy was five years old, he lost his father, and about a year later was sent to England, under the care of a family servant, to enter school. It was a long journey  
10 for a boy of six, but the Indian climate is hard for English children to endure, and there were then no good schools in India, so it had become the custom among the English residents of the country to send their children to England at an early age. "Billy-boy," as he was  
15 called by the family, had an interesting voyage and remembered some things about it which he was able to tell to his own children years afterwards. For instance, the ship put in for a few hours at St. Helena, and the servant took him ashore and up over the rocks to a little  
20 garden where a man was walking alone. The servant whispered that it was Napoleon Bonaparte, a famous soldier, and that he was in the habit of eating little





*William Makepeace Thackeray*



children. The first part of the story was true, the second was not, but little Billy-boy believed it all and made what haste he could to get back to the ship.

✓ The first school which he entered was in Hampshire,  
5 but he did not stay there long. The second was a "boarding school for young gentlemen," at Chiswick on the Thames. This was presided over by an awe-inspiring doctor, who used high-sounding words and appeared exceedingly learned. The lonely boy from India did not  
10 like this school, and afterwards confessed that he once started to run away, but did not know where to go; consequently, when he came to the great Hammersmith road he turned around and went back, and no one ever guessed the plot that was in his heart. His holidays were spent  
15 with his grandmother and two aunts, who were kind to him and made him such a home as they could.

When William was nine or ten, his mother, who had married again in India, came to England with his stepfather. This stepfather was an English army officer in  
20 the Indian service, Major Carmichael-Smyth. He was a kind and generous man, and young Thackeray soon came to love him greatly. You may be sure also that after these years of separation it was a great joy for the boy to be with his mother once more.

25 At eleven he was sent to Charterhouse, a famous old school in London, where Addison and Steele and other great men of former times had lived and studied. But



Thackeray did not like Charterhouse much better than Chiswick. He called it "Slaughterhouse," and from some of the stories which we have of fights and brawls among the boys, perhaps the name was fairly descriptive. In later life he thought more kindly of the old place and 5 described it in "The Newcomes" as Grey Friars.

Thackeray went from Charterhouse to Cambridge and entered the university. There he met Tennyson and made other friends, but he did not stay to finish his course. He felt that he was wasting time, and after some- 10 what more than a year he left and went to Germany, where he studied a little, read a great deal, lived at Weimar, and met and worshiped Goethe.

Then he returned to London and decided to study law, but he soon found that he was not fitted to be a lawyer. 15 In "Pendennis" he tells us something about the London law courts of those days and how they impressed him. After giving up the law he came into possession of some property that his father had left him, and bought a paper, which he managed for a time, until he had lost all that 20 he had put into it and found himself in debt.

What should he do next? He had tried law; he had tried literature; he had failed in both. From his childhood he had possessed a strong talent for drawing, and it now occurred to him that he could put this to good use. 25 So he went to Paris and studied art. While there he earned a small salary as a newspaper correspondent and



married. Nearly a year was spent in Paris; then the newspaper which employed him failed, and he came back to London with his young wife, very poor and with nothing to live upon.

5 ✓ Dickens had just written "Pickwick Papers" and was in the first flush of his fame. Thackeray went to him and tried to obtain the work of illustrating the book, but Dickens thought the drawings not so good as those which others had offered. Thackeray then made drawings and  
10 wrote articles for *Fraser's Magazine* and *Punch*.

During these years he lived in a modest house in London with his wife and two little daughters and though poor was very happy. But after a time the mother became ill and finally lost her reason; the home was broken  
15 up, and for some years the children lived with their grandparents in Paris while Thackeray worked on alone in London. He worked hard and at last was able to have his family with him again, "if," as his daughter says, "a house, two young children, three servants, and a little  
20 black cat can be called a family."

The years that followed show us Thackeray at his best. He lived for his two children. He played with them, and joked with them, and drew comic pictures for them, and took them on excursions. Some have wondered how he  
25 ever found time to write his novels, but he did, in some way. A letter which he wrote to his mother at about this time tells of one day's doings:



Yesterday was my dear little M——'s birthday, and we had a day of heat and idleness at Hampton Court; finished with a cold collation at Mrs. Barber's at Twickenham, where all the ladies assembled were excellently kind to the children. The pictures did not charm them over much, but the palace of 5 Moorshedabad with a little palanquin, elephants, beavers, two inches high, delighted them hugely, and so did the labyrinth, and the chestnut trees in full bloom, and the gardens all over green and sunshine. We all went to bed very tired and sober at ten o'clock. 10

It was during these years that Thackeray wrote his first great novel, "Vanity Fair." It was published in twenty-four parts, each bound in yellow paper, and issued monthly. At first it did not sell. Thackeray thought that this too was to be a failure, like so many of his other 15 efforts, but before the last number was out, all England was reading it, and Thackeray was almost as popular as Dickens. As a literary artist he is probably the greater of the two.

"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis," "Henry 20 Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians." Then their author gave lectures throughout England, Scotland, and America on "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" and "The Four Georges." He also became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which prospered under 25 his management. He was adding each year to his fame and usefulness, when he died suddenly on Christmas Eve of the year 1863.



## A VIRGINIAN WITH BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION

["The Virginians" tells the story of two brothers, George and Harry Warrington, sons of Madam Esmond Warrington of Castlewood, Virginia. The Warringtons are supposed to have been friends of Washington, and the elder is represented as  
5 having been one of General Braddock's aids on that ill-fated expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1775.]

We must fancy that the parting between the brothers is over, that George has taken his place in Mr. Braddock's family, and Harry has returned home to Castlewood and  
10 his duty. His heart is with the army, and his pursuits at home offer the boy no pleasure. He does not care to own how deep his disappointment is at being obliged to stay under the homely, quiet roof, now more melancholy than ever, since George is away. Harry passes his brother's  
15 empty chamber with an averted face, takes George's place at the head of the table, and sighs as he drinks from his silver tankard. Madam Warrington insists on talking about George constantly, but quite cheerfully, and as if his return was certain. She walks into his  
20 vacant room with head upright and no outward signs of emotion. She sees that his books, linen, papers, etc., are arranged with care; talking of him with a very special respect, and specially appealing to the old servants at meals, and so forth, regarding things which are to be  
25 done "when Mr. George comes home." . . .



The whole land was now lying parched and scorching in the July heat. For ten days no news had come from the column advancing on the Ohio. Their march, though it toiled but slowly through the painful forest, must bring them ere long up with the enemy; the troops, led by 5 consummate captains, were accustomed now to the wilderness and not afraid of surprise. Every precaution had been taken against ambush. It was the outlying enemy who were discovered, pursued, destroyed, by the vigilant scouts and skirmishers of the British force. The last news 10 heard was that the army had advanced considerably beyond the ground of Mr. Washington's discomfiture in the previous year, and two days after must be within a day's march of the French fort. . . .

But on the 10th of July a vast and sudden gloom 15 spread over the province. A look of terror and doubt seemed to fall upon every face. Affrighted negroes wistfully eyed their masters and retired, and hummed and whispered with one another. The fiddles ceased in the quarters; the song and laugh of those cheery black 20 folk were hushed. Right and left everybody's servants were on the gallop for news. The country taverns were thronged with horsemen, who drank and cursed and brawled at the bars, each bringing his gloomy story. The army had been surprised. The troops had fallen into 25 an ambuscade and had been cut up almost to a man. All the officers were taken down by the French marksmen



and the savages. The General had been wounded, and carried off the field in his sash. Four days afterwards the report was that the General was dead, and scalped by a French Indian.

5 Ah, what a scream poor Mrs. Mountain gave, when Gumbo brought this news from across the James River, and little Fanny sprang crying to her mother's arms! "Lord God Almighty, watch over us and defend my boy!" said Mrs. Esmond, sinking down on her knees  
10 and lifting her rigid hands to heaven. The gentlemen were not at home when this rumor arrived, but they came in an hour or two afterwards, each from his hunt for news. Harry Warrington was as pale as his mother. It might not be true about the manner of the General's  
15 death—but he was dead. The army had been surprised by Indians, and had fled and been killed without seeing the enemy. An express had arrived from Dunbar's camp. Fugitives were pouring in there. Should he go and see? He must go and see. He and stout little Dempster armed  
20 themselves and mounted, taking a couple of mounted servants with them.

They followed the northward track which the expeditionary army had hewed out for itself, and at every step which brought them nearer to the scene of action  
25 the disaster of the fearful day seemed to magnify. The day after the defeat a number of the miserable fugitives from the fatal battle of the 9th of July had reached



Dunbar's camp, fifty miles from the field. Thither poor Harry and his companions rode, stopping stragglers, asking news, giving money, getting from one and all the same gloomy tale—a thousand men were slain—two-thirds of the officers were down—all the General's aides- 5 de-camp were hit—were hit?—but were they killed? Those who fell never rose again. The tomahawk did its work upon them. . . .

At every step which Harry Warrington took towards Pennsylvania the reports of the British disaster were 10 magnified and confirmed. Those two famous regiments which had fought in the Scottish and Continental wars had fled from an enemy almost unseen, and their boasted discipline and valor had not enabled them to face a band of savages and a few French infantry. The unfortu- 15 nate commander of the expedition had shown the utmost bravery and resolution. Four times his horse had been shot under him. Twice he had been wounded, and the last time, of the mortal hurt which ended his life three days after the battle. More than one of Harry's inform- 20 ants described to the poor lad the action—the passage of the river, the long line of advance through the wilderness, the firing in front, the vain struggle of the men to advance and the artillery to clear the way of the enemy; then the ambushed fire from behind every bush and tree, 25 and the murderous fusillade, by which at least half of the expeditionary force had been shot down. But not



all the General's suite were killed, Harry heard. One of his aides-de-camp, a Virginian gentleman, was ill of fever and exhaustion at Dunbar's camp.

One of them—but which? To the camp Harry hurried, and reached it at length. It was George Washington Harry found stretched in a tent there, and not his brother. A sharper pain than that of the fever Mr. Washington declared he felt when he saw Harry Warrington and could give him no news of George.

Mr. Washington did not dare to tell Harry all. For three days after the fight his duty had been to be near the General. On the fatal 9th of July he had seen George go to the front with orders from the chief, to whose side he never returned. After Braddock himself died, the aide-de-camp had found means to retrace his course to the field. The corpses which remained there were stripped and horribly mutilated. One body he buried which he thought to be George Warrington's. His own illness was increased, perhaps occasioned, by the anguish which he underwent in his search for the unhappy young volunteer.

Nothing would satisfy Harry but that he, too, should go to the ground and examine it. With money he procured a guide or two. He forded the river at the place where the army had passed over; he went from one end to the other of the dreadful field. It was no longer haunted by Indians. Save in his own grandfather, lying



very calm, with a sweet smile on his lip, Harry had never yet seen the face of Death. The horrible spectacle of mutilation caused him to turn away with shudder and loathing. He was for going, unarmed and with a white flag, to the French fort, whither, after their victory, the enemy had returned; but his guides refused to advance with him. The French might possibly respect them but the Indians would not. "Keep your hair for your lady-mother, my young gentleman," said the guide. "'Tis enough that she loses one son in this campaign."

When Harry returned to the English encampment at Dunbar's, it was his turn to be down with the fever. Delirium set in upon him, and he lay some time in the tent and on the bed from which his friend had just risen convalescent. For some days he did not know who watched him; and poor Dempster, who had tended him in more than one of these maladies, thought the widow must lose both her children; but the fever was so far subdued that the boy was enabled to rally somewhat and get to horseback. Mr. Washington and Dempster both escorted him home. It was with a heavy heart, no doubt, that all three beheld once more the gates of Castlewood.



## II

[Harry Warrington's fever returned again and again, and his family were exceedingly anxious about him. At length it was determined that he should go to England, in the hope that the sea air would benefit him. In England he regained his health, but fell among wild companions, spent all his money, and was then thrown into jail for debt. In the midst of his troubles a visitor from America found his way into the jail, paid his debts, and released him. When Harry saw the traveler he was almost overcome with astonishment. It was his brother George. And this is the story which George told.]

I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aide-de-camp after another was sent forwards. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzza'd and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, whilst from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colors and two of our small guns in the center, the baggage, well guarded, bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two and for some half mile in breadth, a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our



advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle firing 5 began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body, frightened and many of 10 them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the people to 15 go forward now. One aide-de-camp after another was sent forward and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver. 20

I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. 25

One of them, who was half Indian, half Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade,



seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran towards me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign ;  
 5 it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily. I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the  
 10 hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me, busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing towards me as I lay on the ground  
 15 bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat and feeling in his pockets. He then scalped him, and with his knife in his mouth advanced towards me. I saw him coming, as through a film, as in a dream. I was powerless to move or to resist him.

20 He put his knee upon my chest ; with one hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it, he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at  
 25 Quebec. " A moi, Florac ! " I cried out. " C'est Georges ! "

He started, ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the



savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair, and waving his knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey.

"Take that!" said Florac, and the next moment, and with an *ugh*, the Indian fell over my chest dead, with 5 Florac's sword through his body.

My friend looked round him. "Eh!" says he. "Where art thou wounded? in the leg?" He bound my leg tight with his sash. "The others will kill thee if they find thee here. Put on this coat, and this hat with the white cock- 10 ade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. The whole of your redcoats are on the run, my poor boy." 15

Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd 20 of that unlucky French soldier who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay and noting the various bearings of 25 the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front.

J



At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who  
 5 had been wounded early in the day and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me, they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the  
 10 wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. I have but a dim recollection of the journey; the anguish of my wound was extreme; I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log house, and  
 15 laid upon Florac's own bed.

I know not how long I lay in my fever. When I awoke to my senses, my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory,  
 20 which the French claimed, too.

My old enemy the ague fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the riverside. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me and tended me, I never  
 25 should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.



I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I <sup>5</sup> was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

At the time of my recovery the fort was almost <sup>10</sup> emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward, leaving an old lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne. He was the husband of the half-breed <sup>15</sup> woman who had nursed me. . . .

We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The <sup>20</sup> poor half-breed, who was called "the Fawn," took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall <sup>25</sup> of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the commandant, and such



as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands and to take up farther positions in the enemy's — that is, in the  
 5 British — possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in *bâteaux*, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might  
 10 exchange me or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practiced by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy.

Somehow, the prospect did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction. "Yes; 't is all very well, my *garçon*," says  
 15 he. "But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing."

"I will give the guide who takes me home a large  
 20 reward," said I. "And I promise, as a man of honor, ten thousand livres to — whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token — who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms — which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort."

25 "Ah," roars out the commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. "Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war."



For want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar-scraping; and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus or dancing to my homely music until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite. Our guest, the hunter, was present at one or two of 5 these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs I said, "My lads, I will give you an English song," and to the tune of "Over the hills and far away," which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favorite 10 air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words: — "This long long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here. I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away."

"What is it?" says the hunter. "I don't understand." 15

"'Tis a girl to her lover," I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, "Over the hills and far away," the 20 burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"If you are ready," says he, "I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not 25 play with me?" Here he pulled out some cards and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up.



And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders.

I knew now that the Fawn was to be the agent in the affair and that my offer to Museau was accepted.  
5 Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And three days after his departure the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to  
10 make my little trial for freedom.

Looking westward over a gun upon the bastion behind my cabin, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela, whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island  
15 were some trees.

"You see those trees?" the poor Fawn said to me in her French jargon. "He wait for you behind those trees." . . .

The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes and did not disturb me in my work. The log  
20 house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon them. I had to dig under these and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done,  
25 when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through



to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun, not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited awhile there, looking 5 steadily under the gun and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island 10 rising in the waters.

I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there, "Over the hills and far away!" 15

Our way lay through a level tract of forest, with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me — Silverheels was the name by which he went — had I ever seen the spot before? It was 20 the fatal field where Braddock had fallen and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. We presently crossed the river, taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghenies, and through a grand forest region of oaks 25 and maple and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch.



I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet and slept  
 5 in our blankets as best we might. We came upon hunters camping by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghenies, and descended to Cumberland, whence we  
 10 had marched in the year before and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh, you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colors again on the banks of our native Potomac!

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Thackeray's life. From what book is this selection taken?
2. Give a short account of Braddock's Expedition, telling when it occurred, and what was its object.
3. What is meant by "Mr. Braddock's family"? Explain "averted face," "consummate captains," "ambush," "quarters," "ambuscade."
4. What is meant by "Mr. Washington's discomfiture in the previous year"? Explain "an express had arrived," "the General's aides-de-camp," "ambushed fire," "murderous fusillade," "the General's suite."
5. Tell briefly the chief events of Washington's life up to the time of this expedition.
6. Explain the remark of the guide, "Keep your hair for your lady-mother." Explain "Delirium set in upon him." Define "convalescent," "maladies."



7. Explain why the brave and seasoned troops of Braddock should have been so panic-stricken. 8. What is a white cockade, and what did it signify? What is a fusil? 9. What is the meaning of the French words which George cries out to Florac? ("A moi" — pronounced à mwā — means "come to me," or "help me." "C'est Georges" — pronounced Sā Zhôrz — means "it is George.") George had been in Quebec some time before and had made the acquaintance of a number of the French officers there. 10. Explain "Thou art Brunet (pronounced Bru-nā) of the Quebec Volunteers." What is a marauder? 11. Explain "gourd." How was it here used? Explain "the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs*." (See Vocabulary.) 12. Who was the Marquis de Montcalm? Explain "commandant," "asthmatic," "bateaux," "reprisal," "garçon," "ten thousand livres." 13. Was George justified in bribing Museau? What does the remark about the watch show of Museau's character?

14. Explain "in Marlborough's camp," "doggerel," "peltries," "flints," "bastion," "confluence," "tattoo," "parapet." 15. Notice the vivid pictures that are found in this story: (1) the receipt of the news of Braddock's disaster, (2) Harry's search for his brother, (3) the ambushade of Braddock's troops, (4) George's rescue by Florac, (5) George's effort to gain the attention of the hunter, (6) the escape, (7) the frosty nights in the hunters' camps. Are there others that have attracted you? Which do you think the finest?

The simplest introduction to Thackeray is "The Rose and the Ring," a comic extravaganza. His other books, except for occasional descriptions of situations, are rather too advanced for reading below the high school.



## CHARLES DICKENS

1812-1870

A little less than a century ago a traveler in London, turning out of Fleet Street toward the Thames and going down a narrow alley and a rickety flight of stairs, would have found, on the water's edge, an old warehouse, dirty, 5 decayed, and infested with rats. Here a number of boys were at work from early morning until eight o'clock at night, filling small stone pots with blacking and pasting labels upon them. They each received for their work about six shillings, or a dollar and a half, a week.

10 One of the boys, a thin little fellow some ten years of age, looked as if he had never had enough to eat. Sometimes, too, while at his work, he would be seized with spasms which made him ill for hours. This poor, neglected boy among the blacking pots was Charles Dickens, who 15 later became the most popular novelist of his time.

He had not always been so wretched. His earliest years were spent at Portsea, a town on Portsmouth harbor, where his father, John Dickens, was a clerk in the navy office. From there the father was transferred to Lon- 20 don and afterwards to Chatham. At Chatham, Charles went to school for a few years, with his older sister Fanny, and when at home he spent long hours in a





*Charles Dickens*



little room full of books which belonged to his father. Among the books that he read oftenest were "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," and some of the old English novels. There he wrote a tragedy and acted it. He was  
5 always passionately fond of acting and at one time thought of giving up his life to it. His parents did not seem to care much what he did. John Dickens, though kind-hearted, was too full of large visionary plans ever to get down to hard work; Mrs. Dickens thought that if she  
10 could find food and clothing for the children — of whom there were now six — she was doing her full duty to them. Consequently the children just *grew*. Dickens late in life told Washington Irving that he thought of himself in those early years as "a very small and not-over-  
15 particularly-taken-care-of boy."

Things went from bad to worse. When Charles was nine, the family moved to London and went to live in a wretched little house in the outskirts of the city — but even there the elder Dickens could not pay his rent. The  
20 books that had given Charles so many happy hours were taken one by one to the pawnbroker's; the furniture was sold, piece by piece, and at last John Dickens himself was taken away by the bailiff's officers and put into the debtors' prison — for at that time there was a peculiar  
25 custom in England of shutting a man up in prison when he could not pay his debts, and in that way removing the chance of his ever being able to pay them.



It was during these years that the boy, Charles Dickens, went to work in the blacking factory. The rest of the family, after a time, lived in the prison with the father, but Charles, being the eldest son, having now arrived at the mature age of ten and earning a salary of six shil- 5 lings a week, was expected to take care of himself. He says of these years :

When I had money enough, I used to get half a pint of ready-made coffee and a slice of bread and butter. When I had none, I used to look at a venison shop in Fleet street ; or I have 10 strolled, at such a time, as far as Covent Garden Market, and stared at the pineapples. . . . I know that I worked, from morning until night, with common men and boys, a shabby child . . . insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been a little 15 robber or a little vagabond.

But this hard life seemed to bring out all the strength of character that there was in the boy. It made him self-reliant, and fixed in him the determination to do something better than the people around him were doing. 20

John Dickens got out of prison almost by a miracle. A relative died and left him some money—enough to pay his debts and send the children to school again for a short time. The school which Charles attended was probably a little worse than no school at all. It was a 25 combination of Creakle's school in "David Copperfield" and Squeers's school in "Nicholas Nickleby."



At fourteen young Dickens again set out to earn his own way, and for about two years served as a lawyer's clerk. In the meantime his father had learned shorthand and was reporting speeches in Parliament. This paid  
5 better than copying law papers, and the boy determined to try it himself. He mastered the shorthand but felt that he needed a better general education, and accordingly spent all his spare hours reading in the library of the British Museum.

10 As a reporter he was very successful. He had learned to work, and he never spared himself; he learned also that absolute accuracy was necessary to success, and he was never satisfied to let the slightest error pass into his notes. Writing afterwards of those times, he says:

15 I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising; writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post chaise and four,  
20 galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. . . . Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country.  
25 I have been in my time belated on miry byroads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, and have got back in time for publication.



In all his work as a reporter Dickens was intensely interested in *people*. He wrote sketches of queer characters whom he met on the streets or in the stagecoach or at the inn, and these sketches, which he signed "Boz," began to attract as much attention as the reports of 5 speeches and political meetings. After a time he gathered them together and published them in book form, calling them "Sketches by Boz." This was in 1836, when he was twenty-four.

"Sketches by Boz" was so popular that he followed it 10 the next year with "Pickwick Papers"; and "Pickwick Papers" made him famous. He gave up his newspaper work, married, and settled down to the life of a novelist. "Oliver Twist" was his next story; then came "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Old Curiosity Shop." 15

He made two visits to America, the first in 1842 and the other about twenty-five years later. On both occasions he was received with high honor. He loved to give public readings from his novels, and as he had much dramatic ability, these readings became very popular and 20 added to his fame and wealth.

When Dickens began to think of buying a home, he remembered a house near Chatham, called Gadshill Place, which he had always admired greatly in the days when he was small. He remembered many a Sunday walk which 25 he had taken with his father to see it, and he remembered vividly that his father, seeing how fond he was of it, had



once said to him: "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." That thought had stayed with him. He had been very persevering. He had worked hard, and now why  
5 shouldn't he make his dream come true? So he bought the house, and the happiest years of his life were spent at Gadshill with his children around him.

"David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and a  
10 number of other novels were written in the fifteen years between 1850 and 1865, but toward the end of that time it became evident that Dickens was wearing himself out. In 1870 he died suddenly, in the midst of his work.

### THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE

[The Bastille was a celebrated castle in Paris, the oldest  
15 part of which was built in the fourteenth century and long used as a dungeon for state prisoners. At the outbreak of the French Revolution it was one of the first places attacked by the mob. It was in the district known as Saint Antoine.

The storming of the Bastille occurred on July 14, 1789.  
20 The governor of the castle, with a handful of Swiss guards, resisted the mob for a time, but the doors were at length battered in and the prisoners released and carried through the streets in triumph. A year later the castle itself was torn down. A bronze column has since been set up to mark its site.

25 This vivid description of the attack is taken from "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the strongest of Dickens's novels.]



Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of 5 naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind, all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

10

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, 15 powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and 20 heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so 25 all this raging circled round Defarge's wine shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be



sucked towards the vortex, where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the  
5 thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

10 "Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an ax, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

15 "Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women by and by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

20 With a roar that sounded as if all the breath of France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the  
25 attack begun.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke.



Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannoneer — Defarge of the wine shop worked like a manful soldier two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, <sup>5</sup> eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thou- sand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the angels or the devils — <sup>10</sup> which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men, when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill, thirsty cry, trooping women <sup>15</sup> variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the rag- <sup>20</sup> ing sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagonloads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash, and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; <sup>25</sup> but still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and



still Defarge of the wine shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm — nothing  
5 audible in it. Suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher and swept Defarge of the wine shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers, surrendered !

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Dickens's life. 2. Describe the Bastille. 3. Explain the first sentences of the selection. What was Saint Antoine ? 4. Why were the naked arms like shriveled branches of trees ? 5. What quivered over the crowd ? Explain this simile. 6. Explain "held life as of no account and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it." 7. Explain the comparison beginning "As a whirlpool." What is a caldron ? a vortex ? 8. Why does Defarge call his companions Jacques One, Two, etc. ? (Jacques was a common, derisive name given to the French peasantry. Defarge numbers his comrades to distinguish them. For his purpose it is enough that they belong to the downtrodden working class.)

9. Why was the Bastille detested ? 10. Explain "the living sea." 11. Describe Defarge ; Madame Defarge. 12. The strength of a description depends upon how vividly the author makes you see what he describes. How does this description impress you ? 13. Does it make war pleasing or hateful ?

The storming of the Bastille is also vividly described by Carlyle in "The French Revolution."



## MR. PICKWICK AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE ICE

["Pickwick Papers," from which this selection is taken, tells of the travels and adventures of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Pickwick, the leading spirit of the club, together with three other distinguished members, Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle, set off on a journey through England to examine and investi- 5 gate very carefully everything that they see and to report their discoveries to the club.

Mr. Pickwick employs a servant, Sam Weller, who travels with the party and makes himself generally useful. After many singular adventures they become acquainted with a hos- 10 pitable old gentleman named Wardle and are invited to spend Christmas with him at his home, Manor Farm. There they meet the Wardle family and several young people who have also been invited for the holidays. In the party are Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer, two medical students.] 15

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer. 20

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much." 25

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.



A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

5 This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

10 Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and  
15 described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of  
20 positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of  
25 his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew



rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; 5  
"off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied 10  
Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!" This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; ain't they, 15  
Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir,"  
replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies 20  
are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile.  
"I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to dis-  
engage himself. "Now, sir, start off!" 25

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging  
most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a



couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, 5 hastily. "You need n't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Win- 10 kle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and *unswanlike* manner, when 15 Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here! I want you."

20 "Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the un- 25 happy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel,



at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to 5 do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance. ✓

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety. 10

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly. 15

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned 20 to Mr. Weller and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly. 25

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.



"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a  
5 searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it.  
10 An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having  
15 by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is  
20 achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

25 "It looks a nice warm exercise that, does n't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in



which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels and running after each other with as



much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition. ✓

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share  
5 in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards  
10 the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through  
15 the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and  
20 handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp,  
25 smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water



bubbled up over it, Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface, and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted, 5 Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within 10 hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps 15 and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath 20 the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.,

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared 25 Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick



had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said  
5 Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I could n't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was  
10 yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of  
15 valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold!" said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this  
20 shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or  
25 four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an



elderly gentleman, dripping wet and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What is "Pickwick Papers," and about what does it tell?
2. Where were the various characters mentioned in this selection spending Christmas, and how did they happen to be there?
3. Explain "ejaculated," "dexterity," "mystic evolutions," "disengaged himself," "agonized," "administered a considerable impetus," "unparalleled beauty," "spasmodic efforts."
4. Put into simpler words "Anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance." Does Dickens's use of long words add to or take from the fun of a description?
5. Why were the young men so anxious to bleed Mr. Winkle?
6. In this scene what sort of person does Mr. Winkle show himself to be? What does Mr. Pickwick's remark to him show you of Mr. Pickwick's character? What else do you learn of Mr. Pickwick from the scene which follows?
7. Explain "indefatigable," "impetuosity," "characterized," "balked himself," "mantled on his face," "adjuration," "prodigies of valor," "extricated," "phenomenon."

"A Christmas Carol" and "David Copperfield" are probably the best books with which to begin the reading of Dickens.



## ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

(For life of Browning see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 120)

### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

[Browning tells us that this poem was written on shipboard after he "had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop." The ride was entirely imaginary, but from the fact that the poet dated it 16— it is likely that he was  
5 thinking of a possible incident in the wars of the Netherlands, when riders might have brought to Aix la Chapelle tidings of a decisive victory or the coming of reënforcements. Three riders are supposed to be starting out together from Ghent. They are the one who is telling the story, and his two friends  
10 Joris and Dirck. The "he" in the first line refers to Dirck. The speaker's horse is named Roland; Joris's horse is named Roos. Note how the verse gives the effect of the galloping of the horses.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
15 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;  
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.



Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
 place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
 Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit, 5  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;  
 At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;  
 At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be; 10  
 And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-  
 chime,  
 So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past, 15  
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent  
 back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; 20  
 And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance



O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

- By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!  
5 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick  
wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering  
knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
- 10 So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like  
chaff;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,  
15 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his  
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her  
fate,



With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear, 5  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad  
or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the  
ground; 10  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a brief account of Browning's life. 2. Tell what you can about the time and the object of this ride. 3. Explain line 17, page 142, beginning "Speed!" 4. Why were three riders sent instead of one? 5. What is the "pique"? the "cheek strap"? What is meant by "chained slacker the bit"? 6. What was Roland doing while all these changes were being made in the harness?



7. Note the pictures flashed upon us as the riders pass through the various towns: the gradual coming of the day; the steeple with the bell ringing the half hour; the cattle against the rising sun; the horse pushing through the morning mist, with the flakes of foam flying from his mouth. Explain the simile in line 18, page 143. What showed the intelligence of the horse? What showed his speed? 8. What happened at Hasselt? (Hasselt is about eighty miles from Ghent. Aix la Chapelle is about ninety miles—the entire length of the ride.) 9. What does line 12, page 144, tell of the weather? Note the crisp effect of line 13. 10. Explain “rolled neck and croup over.” 11. Define “buff coat,” “holster,” “jack boots.” Why did the rider make so much noise? 12. Why was the last measure of wine poured down Roland’s throat, and what does that show of the condition of Aix and of the feeling of the inhabitants? Who were “the burgesses”? 13. Name one or more other famous rides about which poems have been written.

Browning was fond of representing the movement of horses in his verse. “Boot and Saddle” is another galloping poem. “Through the Metidja” represents a rocking saddle-gait.

### HERVÉ RIEL

[The event described in this poem happened during the war which followed the accession of William of Orange, or William III, to the English throne. France, under Louis XIV, feared the new king and attempted to restore to power  
 5 James II, who had been driven out of England by William. At first the French were successful on the sea, defeating the combined English and Dutch navies, but in 1692, after a three days’ battle, a large French fleet was conquered and scattered



by the English. This battle occurred near La Hogue, or La Houge, off the coast of France and not far from the mouth of the Seine. A part of the defeated squadron commanded by Damfreville fled past Cherbourg, rounded Cape de la Hague, and dodged among the Channel Islands to St. Malo, 5 closely pursued by the English. The native pilots of St. Malo declared that it was impossible to guide these warships through the narrow channel into the mouth of the river Rance, where they might find a harbor and protection. But Hervé Riel, a sailor on one of the French ships, offered to take them through. 10 He had been a pilot along that coast and knew the channel well. The force of the story lies in the quiet self-confidence of a man who knew his business and in this man's joy to be of service, entirely thoughtless of reward. He saved the fleet, and all he asked was a holiday. 15

Browning first published the poem in *The Cornhill Magazine*, in 1871, and received for it £100, which he sent to the sufferers in Paris who were besieged by the Prussians in the Franco-Prussian War.]

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two, 20

Did the English fight the French — woe to France!  
And the thirty-first of May helter skelter thro' the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks  
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view. 25

'T was the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase;



First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,  
    Damfreville ;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
    Twenty-two good ships in all ;  
And they signaled to the place  
5 " Help the winners of a race !  
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or,  
    quicker still,  
Here 's the English can and will ! "

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on  
    board ;  
    " Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to  
    pass ? " laughed they :  
    " Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
10 and scored,  
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty  
    guns,  
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow  
    way,  
Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
    And with flow at full beside ?  
15 Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay ! "

✓



Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate :

" Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them  
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and  
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

5

Better run the ships aground ! "

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

" Not a minute more to wait !

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the  
beach !

10

France must undergo her fate.

" Give the word ! " But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all  
these

— A captain ? A lieutenant ? A mate — first, second,  
third ?

15

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for  
the fleet,

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.



And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries  
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,  
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the  
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river  
5 disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's  
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than  
10 fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

15 Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know  
well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;



And if one ship misbehave, —  
Keel so much as grate the ground,  
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head!"  
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

5

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried  
its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

10

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
profound!

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

15

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored, to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate, 20

Up the English come, too late!



So, the storm subsides to calm ;  
They see the green trees wave  
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

- 5 " Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
As they cannonade away !  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !"  
10 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance !  
Out burst all with one accord,  
" This is Paradise for Hell !  
Let France, let France's king  
Thank the man that did the thing !"  
15 What a shout, and all one word,  
" Hervé Riel !"  
As he stepped in front once more,  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
20 Just the same man as before.

- Then said Damfreville : " My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips :  
25 You have saved the king his ships,  
You must name your own reward.



'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not  
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke 5  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :  
" Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done, 10  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but  
a run ? —

Since 't is ask and have, I may —  
Since the others go ashore —  
Come ! A good whole holiday !  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
Aurore ! " 15

That he asked and that he got — nothing more.  
Name and deed alike are lost :  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
Not a head in white and black 20  
On a single fishing smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to  
wrack



All that France saved from the fight whence England  
bore the bell.

Go to Paris : rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

5 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle

Aurore !

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where and when was the battle of La Hogue fought ? What was the cause of the war, and between what nations was it fought ? 2. Locate on a map La Hogue, St. Malo, Croisie Point, Plymouth Bay. 3. Draw a map of St. Malo and the mouth of the Rance, from the description given in the poem, locating on it, as nearly as possible, the island on which St. Malo is situated (at the mouth of the river), the channel, the protected harbor in the river's mouth (behind the island), Solidor (a fortress on the river), Grève (the sands where the river widens into the harbor), the line of ships entering.

4. Write or tell in the briefest and simplest prose the story of Hervé Riel. 5. Describe the picture in the first stanza. What figure of speech is used ? 6. Why did the pilots refuse to guide the fleet ? What do you think of their excuse ? 7. What is the significance of the line "Now 't is slackest ebb of tide" ? 8. Put into a simple connected sentence lines 16-18,



page 148. ("Bay" means the water outside of the harbor.) 9. Describe the council. Who were present? What is meant by "linked together stern and bow"? What was Damfreville's order, and what was the reason for it? 10. Explain "Breton," "pressed by Tourville," "Croisickese," "Malouins," "disembogues."

11. What did Hervé Riel's speech at the council show of his character? How did he regard the pilots? What three possible reasons did he suggest for their conduct? What forfeit did he offer in case of failure, and why was he so anxious to have the chance to pilot the fleet? Analyze his speech and tell what different feelings it suggests.

12. What does line 9, page 151—a side remark of the poet's—mean? 13. What figures of speech are on page 151? 14. Explain "Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound," "our rapture to enhance," "rake the bay," "*rampired* Solidor." 15. What two pictures do you see on page 152? Who is speaking in lines 5-9? 16. Explain "Praise is deeper than the lips," "our sun was near eclipse" (what figure?), "Malo *Roads*." 17. What does Hervé Riel's choice of a reward show of his character?

18. Note the line "Since on board the duty's done." What does that show? 19. Explain "Belle Aurore." What does this nickname tell you of Hervé Riel? 20. Explain "whence England bore the bell" (a bell was often given as a prize for winning a race); "Go to Paris . . . Search the heroes." (The Louvre is a great art gallery in Paris; "On the Louvre, face and flank" refers to the colossal statues of great Frenchmen that decorate its outer walls.) 21. Is this poem more or less important as a memorial than a statue would have been? Give reasons for your answer.



## HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

[Browning spent many years of his life in Italy, where the milder climate made it possible for Mrs. Browning to be out of doors and to enjoy a measure of health. He had made several Italian journeys before his marriage, and while on one  
5 of them wrote the following poem.]

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning,  
unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
10 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England — now !

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !  
Hark ! where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge  
15 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —  
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !  
20 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower !



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. In what country was this poem written, and what spirit does it show on the part of its author? 2. Tell why England seemed more attractive in spring than at any other season. 3. What is the "bole" of the elm tree? Describe the "brushwood sheaf" that sometimes surrounds it. Why do the leaves show themselves earliest in this brushwood and on the lowest boughs of the tree? 4. What is the chaffinch? the white-throat? (The latter is an English warbler and not our white-throated song sparrow.) 5. To what does "hark" refer in line 14? What does the pear tree scatter in the field? Notice the exact description: it is a crooked pear tree, in the hedge, and leans away towards the field. On a spray the thrush is singing. These touches help to give a picture which you can see and will remember. 6. What is the bent spray? (Probably a spray of the pear tree, though some explain it as a spray of *bent*, a species of grass.) 7. Explain the poet's fancy about the reason for the repetition in the song of the thrush. 8. Explain "rough with hoary dew." 9. What will the noontide wake anew? Explain this sentence. What is meant by "the little children's dower"? Why is the melon flower mentioned here? (The word "this" shows that it is near the poet as he is writing. Remember where he is writing.)

This is one of Browning's most beautiful descriptive poems. Try to see the picture that he paints, in all its details, and get the spirit of it—that there is "no place like home."

Other short and simple descriptive poems by Browning are "Home Thoughts from the Sea" and "My Star."



## JOHN RUSKIN

1819-1900

Think for a moment of a dreary row of houses in the smokiest part of London — square, brick, substantial, and very ugly houses — and put into one of them a child who loves beauty with a love that is almost a passion; you  
5 will then have the John Ruskin of nearly a century ago. He was born in that smoky row near Brunswick Square, in 1819, and was the son of an honest Scotch merchant who had come from Edinburgh and had by hard labor built up a prosperous business. The boy was an only  
10 son, and his parents were not only entirely devoted to him but determined that he should receive every advantage which they could give him. It was probably for his sake that they moved a few years later into the suburbs and took a house at Herne Hill. There was a wonderful  
15 garden at Herne Hill, with lilacs and other blooming shrubs, apple, pear, and mulberry trees, and all that could appeal to a boy who had been hungry for beautiful things.

But both father and mother, though very fond of their son, were also very strict with him. He was allowed  
20 neither toys nor sweetmeats. It is said that a kind-hearted aunt, who was visiting the family, once gave him a remarkable "Punch and Judy," which would dance when





*John Ruskin*



attached to the leg of a chair. This greatly delighted his childish heart, but as soon as the aunt departed he was told that such things were not good for him, and he never saw the treasure again. He could look at the sea from  
5 the upper windows of his home, but was not allowed to go near it for fear he would be drowned. Even the garden had its drawbacks. He writes: "The differences . . . which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were that in  
10 this one *all* the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts."

If you compare Ruskin's childhood with that of Dickens, you will not fail to notice that while Dickens had too little care, Ruskin had altogether too much.  
15 Yet neither was seriously injured by his surroundings — which goes to show that one who is determined to do worthy things and to make the most of himself can generally do it, whether his family is rich or poor, over-careful or under-careful of him.

20 The greatest delight of young John Ruskin's life was a two months' jaunt which the family took each summer. They went in a family carriage or "traveling chariot," as it was called, driving in leisurely fashion from town to town. The elder Ruskin made it partly a business trip,  
25 but to the boy it was pure joy. One of these summer outings took him to Switzerland and the Alps and opened a new world of beauty to him.



Young Ruskin's favorite books were Scott and Homer — his Homer coming to him in the form of Pope's translation. Nor should we overlook his reading of the Bible, which, he has said, had the greatest influence upon his literary style when he came to write. He read two or 5 three chapters with his mother every morning and then learned a chapter or a psalm by heart. —

He began to write poetry when very young, copying it neatly into little books which he made and illustrated with original pictures. These books were made with the 10 utmost care. Ruskin even in childhood did everything as well and carefully as he knew how to do it. .

He was prepared for college by private tutors, spent a few terms at an academy, and at seventeen entered Oxford. In the midst of his college work he was threatened with 15 consumption and was obliged to leave, but after nearly two years of rest and travel in Italy he was restored to health, went back to Oxford, and graduated with honor.

During his Italian visit he made a study of the great painters of olden times, whose work he found in the 20 Italian galleries and churches. This led him to write his first book, "Modern Painters," which compared the work of Turner and other modern artists with that of the old masters and showed that the moderns were in some ways the better. Ruskin wrote a number of other 25 books on art, including "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Stones of Venice." During these years he made



frequent journeys to Italy and spent much time in the great galleries. In 1869 he became professor of art at Oxford University.

At about forty he turned his attention to other subjects.  
5 He saw that the working people of England were deprived of things that seemed to him necessary to life—for he knew that beauty and truth and justice should belong to the poor as well as to the rich. So he wrote four essays showing how working people might become noble and  
10 happy, and published these essays in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which Thackeray was then editor. They were afterwards published in a book entitled "Unto This Last." Among other books which Ruskin wrote were "Sesame and Lilies," the "Crown of Wild Olive," and  
15 "Ethics of the Dust." One of his last books is "Præterita" (that is, "things passed by"), which tells the story of his own childhood.

Ruskin received from his father a large fortune, all of which he spent in making other people happier and better.  
20 He built model homes for working people, paid for cleaning certain of the streets of London that were not properly cared for, and founded a society of working men called St. George's Guild, giving it land and a museum. He was himself a painter and left many pictures that show his  
25 skill, but especially was he a painter in words, and his descriptions of natural scenes are among the finest in English prose. He loved beauty as few love it; he loved



nature,—the rivers and the clouds and the forests and the sea, and especially the great mountains with their snow-capped tops stretching up into the sky,—but nothing was beautiful to him that was not good and true and straightforward and pure. He was a great man, but above all he was a good man, and he taught those around him and those who came after him to see God in nature everywhere.

## BOOKS

[The following extracts are from "Sesame and Lilies," two lectures on books and reading given in Manchester, England, in 1864. "Sesame," the first lecture, is so called from an oriental grain, the name of which, when spoken, opened the robbers' cave in "The Arabian Nights"; Ruskin means by it that reading is the key which will open the treasures of knowledge and power found in books.]

10  
15

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these

20  
25



momentary chances we covet, and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever  
5 our rank or occupation—talk to us in the best words they can choose and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long—kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience,  
10 but to gain it!—in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves—we make no account of that company—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long! . . .

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages  
15 by their greatest men—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you  
20 cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that  
25 you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entrée here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world,



multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault. . . .

5

This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and 10 you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level 15 of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence.

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. . . .

20

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring 25 the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in



a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which once in their lives cannot for such multipliable barley loaves, pay their baker's bill.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why do we not have the power always to choose our friends? 2. What is a cabinet minister? Why does Ruskin refer to his words as being deceptive? 3. What figure of speech in "there is a society continually open to us"? Explain it. Explain "narrow anterooms." 4. Ruskin says "life is short." In comparison with what is it short? 5. Explain "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings." Define "entrée" as used here. 6. What is the "eternal court" that is always open to you? Do you think this figure would seem more forceful to an English audience than to one in the United States? Why?

7. Explain the four sentences beginning "Do you ask to be the companion." Memorize them. In what sense is "nobles" here used? 8. Explain "here we neither feign nor interpret."

9. Name and explain the figures of speech in the last paragraph. What allusion is there in "multipliable barley loaves"? 10. What advantage is there in knowing a book thoroughly? What kind of books should be thus known? In another part of this lecture Ruskin describes two classes of books, "the books of the hour, and the books of all time." Give examples of each kind among the books that you have read, and tell why they are so. 11. Bacon said, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Explain this. 12. Make a list of the *great* books which you have read and tell why you think them great.



## THE GRASS

[This beautiful description of a very common object in nature is selected from "Modern Painters."]

Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots. And yet think of it well and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. . . .

20

Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time



the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in those words. All spring and summer is in them — the walks by silent, scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and failing in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mold or scorching dust, pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns all dim with early dew or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices: all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all.

We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part. Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom — paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water,



studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Ruskin's life. 2. From what book is this selection taken? 3. Explain the allusion contained in the phrase “to-morrow to be cast into the oven.” 4. What does “flaccid” mean? 5. Do you agree with Ruskin that the grass is more highly loved than all the trees and flowers? Give reasons. 6. What figure is in the word “enamel”? Explain the likeness. Explain the figure in the words “companies” and “peaceful spears.” 7. What memories do the fields call to Ruskin's mind? 8. Explain “the life of sunlight . . . falling in emerald streaks and failing in *soft blue shadows*.” Is fresh grass always green? 9. Explain “*padding* brooks,” “*thymy* slopes of *down*,” “*barred* sunshine.” 10. What country did Ruskin mean by “our own land”? 11. Where did he find grass growing most luxuriantly? What figure in “*roots* of their lower mountains”? “*veiled* . . . with blossom”? 12. Explain “scented undulation,” “waves of everlasting green.” (Think of the wind blowing over a field of tall grass, and try to remember how it looks.) What are the “inlets”?

Notice how often and how effectively Ruskin quotes from the Bible. Do you remember anything in the story of his early life that would explain this?



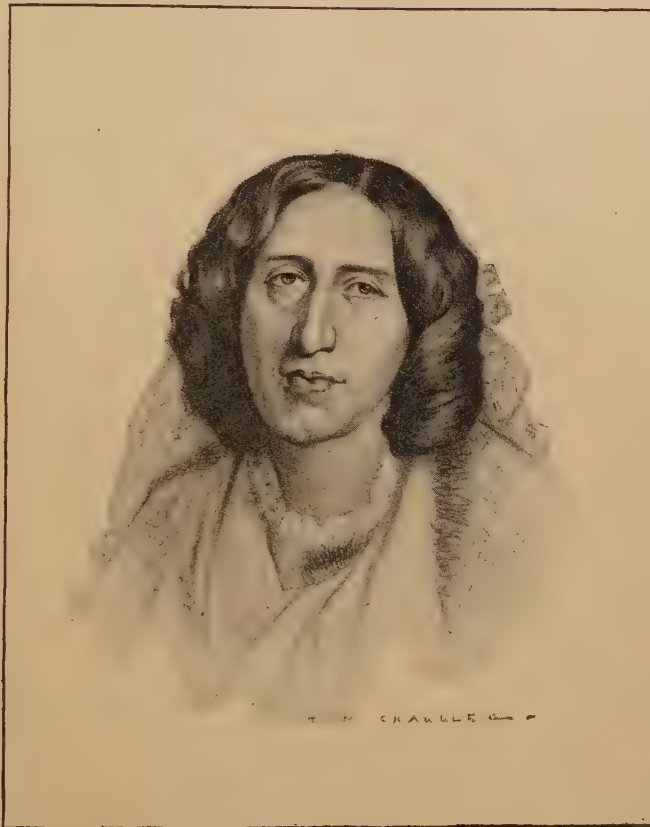
## MARIAN EVANS ("GEORGE ELIOT")

1819-1880

About a century ago there lived in Warwickshire, some twenty miles from Shakespeare's old town of Stratford, a hard-headed and industrious Welshman named Robert Evans. He occupied a place known as "South Farm," on the large estate of Arbury, and was employed by the owner of the estate as his agent and overseer. In the autumn of 1819 the household at South Farm included Evans, his wife — a shrewd and practical woman — and two children, Isaac and Christiana. But in November of that year another child was born into the home — a child quite different from any of the other members of the family, and with a genius which made her in later years the greatest of women novelists. She was named by her parents, very plainly, Mary Ann, but when she grew up she abbreviated the name to Marian.

Six months after Mary Ann's birth the Evans family moved into a larger place about a mile away, called Griff House, and there they lived for twenty years. In "The Mill on the Floss" this house is described, and the children, Tom and Maggie Tulliver, are thought to be portraits of Isaac and Mary Ann Evans. Mary Ann was an active child — somewhat of a tomboy in fact — and was





*George Eliot (Marian Evans)*



always getting into trouble. But with all her seeming carelessness she had a most affectionate nature and longed for love and sympathy, and the sad feature of it was that none of her family really understood her.

5 She was sent to a private school at Nuneaton and a little later to Coventry, both of which towns were within three miles of her home. When she went to Coventry she was thirteen and had become somewhat sobered. She was the brightest pupil in the school and distinguished herself  
10 in English, French, German, drawing, and music. The description of Maggie in "The Mill on the Floss" is here clearly a picture of herself — "a creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge, with an ear straining after  
15 dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her."

When she was sixteen her mother died, and she had to leave school, go back to Griff House, and help her sister Christiana take care of the home. Then Christiana mar-  
20 ried and went away, and Isaac (or "Tom") became so absorbed in "getting on in the world" that he quite forgot his younger sister. Griff House was far away from the world of men and women, and Marian Evans grew very lonely.

25 A few years later, when Isaac married, his father gave him the house and went with Marian to a place called Foleshill, in the suburbs of Coventry, where the young



woman, now twenty-one years old, found friends who appreciated her and where she was able to carry on her studies. For nine years she and her father lived together at Foleshill and became deeply attached to each other. Then Mr. Evans died and Marian was left practically 5 alone. The loss almost crushed her, and it was months before she recovered from it. Upon the advice of friends she spent a year in European travel, and when she returned she devoted her life to writing. Emerson came to see her, when he visited England, and was greatly 10 impressed with her mental power.

In 1851, at the age of thirty-two, she took a position as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* and went to London, where she soon became acquainted with Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Kingsley, and 15 other leading writers of the time. She also met George Henry Lewes, a writer of less note but of rare personal qualities, who devoted himself to her service, advised her, and assisted her in securing publishers for her work. Until this time her writing had been chiefly essays and 20 reviews, but Lewes believed that she had a special gift for the writing of fiction. He suggested this idea to her one day and she determined to try. The result was "Scenes of Clerical Life," a group of three short stories, which were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and after- 25 wards in book form, over the signature of "George Eliot." The author did not have confidence enough in her



story-writing ability to use her own name, but the work was received with great enthusiasm. No one can guess how long she might have kept her readers and even her publishers in the dark as to who George Eliot really was, if a gentleman of Nuneaton had not foolishly claimed to be the author of her book. This decided her to make herself known. Accordingly Lewes invited her publisher, Blackwood, to dinner "to meet George Eliot." Lewes and Marian Evans were the only ones at the table when Blackwood arrived, but they had a pleasant dinner, and at its close Blackwood expressed himself as being sorry that Mr. Eliot could not have been present. "This is Mr. Eliot," said Lewes, waving his hand toward the lady. You may imagine Blackwood's surprise.

"Scenes of Clerical Life" was followed by "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," and several other stories. They were exceedingly popular and made their author one of the most prominent literary figures of the day. In summer she had a home in Surrey near the Tennysons'; in winter she lived in London, where her receptions were the center of the city's literary life.

Lewes died in 1878, and after his death Marian was never quite the same. Several years later she married John Walter Cross, an American banker living in England, who had been an old friend of the family and was a gentleman of fine literary taste. But she did no more important writing.



# THE FLOOD

[This vivid description is from the last chapter of "The Mill on the Floss." Maggie Tulliver and her brother Tom, the children of the miller of Dorlcote, had grown up together in the old house by the mill. Maggie from her earliest childhood had loved Tom devotedly and was always ready to make sacrifices 5 for him. Tom was selfish and loved Maggie so long as she did not interfere with his own plans. When Mr. Tulliver, the father, died, the mill was sold for debt, but Tom worked hard, was successful in business, and after a time bought it back and returned to it with his mother and Maggie. 10

As Maggie grew up, Tom felt less and less sympathy with her. She was high-spirited and imaginative; he was coarse-grained and commonplace. At length there was a break between them. Maggie had started to go away and marry a man whom she greatly loved, but there were reasons which made her feel that 15 such a course would not be right. So she returned to Tom and her mother. Tom was angry and would not take her into the house. Driven from home, she found a lodging with the family of Bob Jakin, an old friend who lived by the riverside. Her mother went with her to the Jakins', but afterwards returned 20 to Tom at the mill. Maggie, left alone, was sitting late one stormy night in her little bedroom, thinking of her troubles and trying to determine what to do, when the river rose and became a great flood.]

In the second week of September Maggie was again sit- 25 ting in her lonely room. It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven with



fitful force by the rushing, loud-moaning wind. There had been a sudden change in the weather; the heat and drought had given way to cold variable winds and heavy falls of rain at intervals. In the counties higher up the  
5 Floss the rains had been continuous, and the completion of the harvest had been arrested. And now, for the last two days, the rains on this lower course of the river had been incessant, so that the old men had shaken their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort  
10 of weather, happening about the equinox, brought on the great floods, which swept the bridge away and reduced the town to great misery. But the younger generation, who had seen several small floods, thought lightly of these somber recollections and forebodings; and Bob  
15 Jakin, naturally prone to take a hopeful view of his own luck, laughed at his mother when she regretted their having taken a house by the riverside, observing that but for that they would have had no boats, which were the most lucky of possessions in case of a flood that obliged  
20 them to go to a distance for food. . . .

All were in their beds now, except some solitary watchers such as Maggie. She sat quite still, far on into the night, with no impulse to change her attitude. "How shall I have patience and strength?" With that cry of  
25 self-despair, she fell on her knees against the table and buried her sorrow-stricken face. Her soul went out to the Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end.



At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet; it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood! 5

The tumult of emotion she had been enduring for the last twelve hours seemed to have left a great calm in her; without screaming, she hurried with the candle upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder. 10

"Bob, the flood is come! It is in the house! Let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There 15 was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework, 20 inward in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!"

And without a moment's shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, 25 and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on to the window sill and



crept into the boat, which was left with one prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lantern in his hand.

5 "Why, they're both here — both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening is n't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with  
10 the danger Maggie incurred. We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger, and Bob's mind was absorbed in possible expedients for the safety of the helpless indoors. The fact that Maggie had been up, had waked him, and had taken the lead in  
15 activity, gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She too had got possession of an oar and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll  
20 be in at the chambers before long — th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water — for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat — but *you*," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light  
25 of his lantern on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming. Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current



swept along the line of the houses and drove both the boats out on to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading and was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid, so dreamlike, that the threads of ordinary association were broken; she sank down on the seat, clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of, which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother—they had all listened together.

“O God, where am I? Which is the way home?” she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the Mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress—her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now



on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now — perhaps far on the overflowed fields. There was no sense of present  
5 danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabout — that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot toward which all her anxieties tended.

10 Oh, how welcome the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields; those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking  
15 behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope; the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly now she was in action, and she  
20 could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious  
25 of any bodily sensations — except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered



beings at the old home, there was an undefined sense of reconciliation with her brother; what quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong, resurgent love toward her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offense and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union. 5 10

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be — yes, it was — St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees — the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts — and above them the old roof! But there was no color, no shape yet; all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future. 15 20

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house; this was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger 25



began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing  
5 light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing, muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

There were floating masses in it that might dash  
10 against her boat as she passed and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along, more intensely conscious of  
15 the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient; it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; *now*, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it if possible out of the current. She could see now  
20 that the bridge was broken down; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving on the river—such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution Maggie seized her oar and stood  
25 up again to paddle; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows



overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look toward her uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars 5 and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back toward the Mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees, could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts — oh, how deep 10 they lay in the water — deeper than the trees on this side the hill! And the roof of the Mill — where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple — what had they meant? But it was not the house — the house stood firm — drowned up to the first story, but still 15 firm — or was it broken in at the end toward the Mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last — joy that overcame all distress — Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs 20 window. She called out in a loud piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice —

25

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom, — Maggie. Where is mother?"



"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window.

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window, on a level with  
5 the boat.

"Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat; "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think,  
10 when part of the Mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it; I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that  
15 the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question.  
20 They sat mutely gazing at each other—Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale, with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost  
25 miraculous, divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter—the old, childish "Magsie!"



Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak, she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

5

Tom rowed with untired vigor and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said 10 Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, 15 and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger and shouted, 20 "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

25

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars, and clasping her.



The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck  
5 on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied  
10 fields together.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of George Eliot. 2. Who was Maggie, and how did she come to be in the home of the Jakins? 3. What was the cause of the flood? Explain "equinox." (The stream called the Floss in this story is really the river Trent, on the banks of which George Eliot lived when a child.) 4. What is meant by the "Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end"? (Notice the capitals.) 5. What does Maggie's action when she discovers the flood show you of her character? 6. What do Bob Jakin's action and talk when Maggie calls him tell you of his character? (Prissy was Bob's wife; "the mother" was Bob's mother, who lived with the Jakin family.) 7. What is meant by "the threads of ordinary association were broken"? What figure of speech is this? 8. Explain "clutching the oar *mechanically*" (What figure of speech in the adverb?), "the cessation of the rain," "the darkness was divided by the faintest light," "that awful visitation." 9. What does Maggie's thought of her mother and Tom add to your idea of her?



10. Notice the picture of the slowly increasing light over the flooded fields and the river: first, the faintest light on the horizon, then the dim outlines of the flooded tree tops and the buildings of St. Ogg's, then the tints of the trees, and finally the rising sun. George Eliot here shows her skill in painting a developing, changing picture. It is not a series of separate scenes, but is like a panorama, constantly moving. 11. Explain "the *widening* of that dismal watery level," "cloudy *firmament*," "slowly *defining* blackness," "glassy dark." 12. How did Maggie know where she was and where the river lay? 13. Explain "a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion." What was the emotion? 14. Explain how the ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river. What were the "heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple"? 15. What was Tom's first thought when he heard Maggie calling? 16. What was the cause of Tom's "awe and humiliation"? 17. What does Tom's use of the old pet name "Magsie," which he had used when a child, tell you of his feelings? 18. Why was Maggie so happy (page 185, line 1)? 19. When Maggie knew that her mother was safe and that Tom was rescued, what was her next thought? (Lucy, her cousin, lived at Tofton, below St. Ogg's and the Mill.) 20. Explain the last sentence in the selection, and notice that there is nothing horrible in the description, but that the end is only suggested. This is a mark of a good writer—the ability to suggest clearly a powerful or tragic scene without describing it in detail.

The first part of "The Mill on the Floss," telling of Maggie's childhood, may be read in this grade, also portions of "Silas Marner." George Eliot's novels, being as a rule more philosophical than romantic, may be read to better advantage a few years later.



## RUDYARD KIPLING

1865-

Among the English writers of recent times Rudyard Kipling is prominent because of his originality, his vigorous way of saying things, and his ability to discover and seize what is really important among many details.

5 He has endeared himself to young people the world over by his pictures of Mowgli, Father and Mother Wolf, Baloo the Bear, Bagheera the Black Panther, and the score of other wild and half-wild creatures that figure in the *Jungle Books*.

10 Mr. Kipling was born in India in 1865. His father was an English artist, who had gone to India to teach drawing and modeling in the art school at Bombay; his mother was a beautiful young English woman whom the elder Kipling had married before leaving England. When their  
15 first child was born they gave him the name of Rudyard from a little lake in England where they had met before their marriage. The boy grew up sturdy and independent. He was fond of games and puzzles and very fond of books. When he was old enough to go to school his father took  
20 him to England and left him there to obtain his education. At school he wrote a number of stories and verses and was the editor of the school paper.





*Rudyard Kipling*



At eighteen the young man returned to India and went to work for a newspaper in Lahore. This newspaper office was a queer place. It was frightfully hot in Lahore, but the building was covered with vines and shaded by tall fig trees. The compositors and pressmen were natives and wore the loose white robes of India, while the foreman wore also a big green turban. Mr. Kipling tells us how he himself used to work all night in his shirt sleeves, with the perspiration streaming down his face, reading proofs, making telegrams ready for the press, writing a little here and there, and taking care of the news, until just about daybreak, when the paper was printed and it was cool enough for him to go to sleep.

For several years he spent much of his time with the army in India and wrote stories and poems of army life. Some of these were published in the paper at Lahore and afterwards put into a book, but the book was not successful.

Then Mr. Kipling came to America to try to get his stories published, but no one would take them. Next he went to England and tried again, and for a while no one in England would publish them. But at last he found a man who agreed to try one small volume. When the English people had read this volume, they wanted more, and he wrote more, and kept on writing more, until, almost before he knew it, he was famous.

At about this time he came to America again, married a young American woman, and built a beautiful house on



the slope of a mountain overlooking the Connecticut River at Brattleboro, Vermont. The house has an overhanging roof and a wide porch and looks a little like some of the houses of India. In this house he wrote the two *Jungle Books*, "*Captains Courageous*," "*The Light that Failed*," 5 and several other volumes.

After four years in the United States Mr. Kipling went back to England, where he has continued his literary work. He has served as a war correspondent in South Africa and in nearly all the countries of Europe. 10

His most popular books, besides those already named, are "*Soldiers Three*," "*Plain Tales from the Hills*," "*Under the Deodars*," "*The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales*," "*Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Child Stories*," "*Puck of Pook's Hill*," the "*Just So Stories*" for 15 children, "*Barrack-Room Ballads*," "*The Day's Work*," and "*Kim*." He is at his best as a writer of short stories.

## RECESSIONAL

[A recessional is a hymn sung by a choir in procession as they leave their places at the close of the church service.

In 1897 there was held in England a great festival or jubilee 20 to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria. It was such a celebration as England had never known. All the wealth and power of the empire were displayed. There were military and naval shows, sham battles, pageants, public meetings, music, fireworks — everything that 25 could testify to England's greatness and show her pride.



Mr. Kipling had been asked to write a poem for the occasion. He kept putting off the writing of it until nearly the end of the celebration, for he did not know just what to write. Then, as he saw the vanity that ran through it all, the thought came to  
5 him, "Are we not forgetting that, after all, God is the ruler of the universe and we are powerful only because He allows us to be so?" And as the great festival came to its close, and the noise and shouting died away, and the warriors and kings of tributary nations returned to their homes, and the warships  
10 scattered, and the bonfires faded on the coast, he wrote this hymn, which is in reality a prayer, and the burden of it is "O God keep us from pride, lest we forget Thee — lest we forget."

The poem was printed in the London *Times* on one of the last days of the jubilee, and had a powerful effect upon the  
15 nation. It sobered everyone and made men feel that there was at least one thing which should not be forgotten.]

God of our fathers, known of old —  
Lord of our far-flung battle line —  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
20 Dominion over palm and pine —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —  
The captains and the kings depart —  
25 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!



Far-called our navies melt away —  
On dune and headland sinks the fire —  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

5

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

10

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard —  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!  
Amen.

15

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell how the "Recessional" came to be written. What is a recessional? 2. Explain "our far-flung battle line" (Think of the forts of Great Britain as extending around all her colonies); "Dominion over *palm* and *pine*" (Where does the palm grow? the pine?); "The tumult and the shouting dies."



3. Why is "an humble and a contrite heart" called an ancient sacrifice (See Psalm li, 17)? 4. What was "our pomp of yesterday" and why is it compared with Nineveh and Tyre? "Gentiles" here refers to all who do not believe in God; "lesser breeds without the Law" to less civilized races, who do not know God's law as given in the Bible. "The reeking tube" is the cannon, reeking or emitting smoke and fumes; the "iron shard" is a piece of broken bomb; "dust" refers to the old idea that man was formed "of the dust of the ground" (Genesis ii, 7). What then is meant by "valiant dust that *builds on dust*"? 5. "Guarding, calls not Thee to guard," refers to the psalm, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain" (Psalm cxxvii, 1). 6. What is the special force of the phrase "Lest we forget," so often repeated, and what does it mean? 7. What was Mr. Kipling's object in writing these verses? 8. Memorize the poem.

Psalms xxix, cxxv and many others also emphasize God's power as the protector of a nation that serves him. It will be interesting to compare this poem with Whittier's "Centennial Hymn" and Lanier's "Centennial Cantata," which were written for a great national celebration in our own country. Note especially Lanier's lines quoted on page 378.



## READINGS FROM NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN AUTHORS

HENRY CLAY

1777-1852

In Hanover County, Virginia, is a low, marshy tract of land known as "The Slashes," which in colonial times was not very highly esteemed as a place of residence, being distinguished chiefly for its ague and its poverty. Among the inhabitants was a faithful clergyman, John 5 Clay, who served his neighbors better than himself and who never kept a cent more than was necessary to support his family. Though Mrs. Clay made the most of his scanty income, life was far from easy in their little cabin. She already had six children to care for when in 1777 a 10 seventh was born and received the name of Henry.

When Henry was four years old his father died. If Mrs. Clay had found it hard to care for her family before, she now found it doubly so. All the children had to do their part, and Henry learned to plow as soon as he 15 could hold the plow handles. He went to school when he had a chance—which was not often—and he read what books he could find or borrow—which were very



few. When the harvest had been gathered he was often seen riding to mill with a sack of corn across the horse's back behind him. This was remembered years afterwards, and when he became a candidate for the presidency he  
5 received the nickname of "the mill boy of the Slashes."

After some years Mrs. Clay married again, and the family moved to Richmond. At fourteen Henry was a clerk in a general store, selling groceries and dry goods, and reading when his work was done. Then his step-  
10 father secured for him a place in the office of the clerk of one of the courts. That was a great event in the boy's life. His mother made him a new suit of homespun clothes, starched his collar stiffly, and brushed his hair with painful neatness. Henry was very tall, very thin,  
15 and at that time very awkward. When he appeared at the office in his new attire a titter went around among the clerks. But the "new boy" paid no attention to it, and the others soon found that he did his work better than any of them.

20 Judge Wythe, a famous lawyer of that time, was attracted by young Clay's ability and industry, advised him what to read, and helped him in many ways. Later the boy entered the office of a Richmond attorney, where he made such good use of his time that at twenty he was  
25 admitted to practice in the courts.

Soon afterwards he "went West" and settled at Lexington, Kentucky, which was then away out on the



frontier. There he distinguished himself as a keen lawyer and a brilliant speaker. At twenty-six he was sent to the legislature, and three years later he found himself filling an unexpired term in the United States Senate. Then he was elected to the House of Representatives and almost immediately was made Speaker. He was one of the commissioners to arrange the treaty of Ghent at the close of the War of 1812. In 1824 he became a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated by John Quincy Adams. He was then appointed Secretary of State, and afterwards was elected to the Senate, where he took part in the great debates with Webster and Calhoun. He was again several times a candidate for the presidency, the last time being in 1844, when he narrowly failed of election. His most important work was for the Compromise measures of 1850.

Few public men have been so popular as Clay. His character was above reproach; he had a strong will, tempered by wisdom and moderation. At a time of great national excitement and violent sectional hatred he kept his poise and so calmed the passions of his fellows that men called him "the great pacificator." As a speaker he had a most winning manner and a magnetism that scarcely ever failed to move his audience. His speeches do not read so well as those of many smaller men, but there was that in his presence and in his voice which gave them a weight beyond the words themselves.



## OUR DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY

[This extract is from Clay's speech on the Compromise bills, delivered in the Senate, July 22, 1850. The passage of these measures postponed the war ten years, but could not prevent it.]

What is an individual man? An atom, almost invisible  
5 — a mere speck upon the surface of the immense universe  
— not a second in time, compared to immeasurable, never-  
beginning, and never-ending eternity; a drop of water in  
the great deep, which evaporates and is borne off by the  
winds; a grain of sand which is soon gathered to the dust  
10 from which it sprung. Shall a being so small, so petty, so  
fleeting, so evanescent, oppose itself to the onward march  
of a great nation — oppose itself to that long line of posterity  
which will endure during the existence of the world? Forbid it, God! Let us look at our country and our cause,  
15 elevate ourselves to the dignity of pure and disinterested  
patriots, wise and enlightened statesmen, and save our  
country from all impending dangers. What if, in the  
march of this nation to greatness and power, we should be  
buried beneath the wheels that propel it onward. What  
20 are we — what is any man worth who is not ready and  
willing to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his country  
when it is necessary?

If this Union shall become separated, new unions, new  
confederacies will arise. And with respect to this, if  
25 there be any before whose imagination is flitting the idea



of a great southern confederacy to take possession of the Balize and the mouth of the Mississippi, I say in my place Never, never! Never will we who occupy the broad waters of the Mississippi and its upper tributaries consent that any foreign flag shall float at the Balize or upon the turrets of the Crescent City — never — never! I call upon all the South. Sir, we have heard hard words — bitter words, bitter thoughts, unpleasant feelings toward each other in the progress of this great measure. Let us forget them. Let us sacrifice these feelings. Let us go to the altar of our country and swear, as the oath was taken of old, that we will stand by her; we will support her; that we will uphold her Constitution; that we will preserve her Union, and that we will pass this great, comprehensive, and healing system of measures, which will hush all the jarring elements, and bring peace and tranquillity to our house.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Clay's life. 2. What was the occasion of this speech? 3. What were the Compromise measures of 1850 and what did they accomplish? 4. Explain the statement that man is "almost invisible." Name four things with which man is here compared, to show his littleness. 5. Define "evanescent," "posterity," "impending." 6. Where was Balize?

Other speeches of Clay from which good extracts may be taken for reading or public speaking are the Valedictory to the Senate, On Retirement to Private Life, On the Greek Revolution, On the Admission of California, and the Address to Lafayette.



## DANIEL WEBSTER

1782-1852

In an old brown farmhouse near the village of Salisbury, New Hampshire, somewhat above the highroad and on a hill which overlooks the valley of the Merrimac, was born, in 1782, the greatest of American orators, Daniel Webster.

5 It was three months after the surrender of Cornwallis, and Captain Ebenezer Webster, the boy's father, had but recently returned from fighting in the Continental army under Washington. Captain Webster was a sturdy farmer, loved and respected by his neighbors, but poor in this

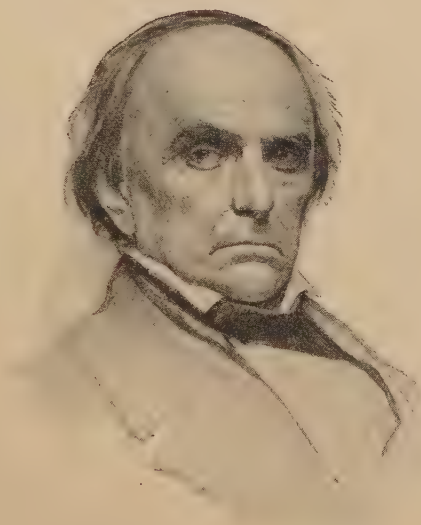
10 world's goods and scarcely able by the utmost labor to get from his rocky hillside farm a living for his large family of children — of whom Daniel was the ninth.

Daniel soon grew into boyhood. He was a frail and somewhat sickly lad, not able to do full work on the farm,

15 though the necessities of the family were such that he often worked beyond his strength. When he could not labor in the field, he sawed logs at the mill — for his father had built a rude sawmill down by the creek, where, as he cleared his land, he turned the forest into lumber.

20 Young Daniel early read and reread the few good books which he found on the family bookshelf. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Addison were his daily food. He





*Daniel Webster*



was so eager to learn that his father determined to make every sacrifice to give him an education. So when he was about fourteen, it happened that he rode away one day behind his father, on the back of the old farm horse, to  
5 Phillips Academy at Exeter. After nine months at Exeter and some private tutoring, he was able to enter Dartmouth College as a freshman, in the autumn of 1797, and there distinguished himself as a speaker, debater, and as the best student in his class.

10 After graduating, in 1801, he began the study of law with an attorney at Salisbury. But Ezekiel Webster, his brother, was also trying to get an education, and after having well begun his course, was unable to continue it for lack of money. His father could not help him any  
15 more, so Daniel deferred his own plans, taught school at Fryeburg, Maine, gave Ezekiel all his earnings, and helped him to finish his course.

When Ezekiel had been provided for, Daniel returned to his law study in Salisbury and completed it in Boston.  
20 His first practice was in Boscawen, New Hampshire, the town adjoining Salisbury. He selected this place in order that he might be near home and help his father, who was growing old. At his father's death he removed to Portsmouth, attracted much attention as a speaker, and in 1813  
25 was elected to Congress.


From that time until his death, in 1852, Webster was almost constantly in public life. At the close of his second



term in Congress he declined reëlection, removed to Boston, and for a few years devoted himself to his law practice, winning during that time the celebrated Dartmouth College case against the state of New Hampshire. But he was soon elected to Congress from Massachusetts, and for thirty years 5 thereafter served the nation as representative, senator, and Secretary of State. He was twice Secretary, once under William Henry Harrison and again under Fillmore. Several times he was urged for the presidency, but he made mistakes which cost him the nomination. 10

Webster's greatest speeches were the Oration upon the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1820, the Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument (known as the First Bunker Hill Oration), in 1825; the Eulogy on Adams and 15 Jefferson, in 1826; and the Reply to Hayne in the United States Senate, in 1830.

As Webster became older he entirely outgrew the weakness of his earlier years and was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was nearly six feet tall, with an enormous depth of chest, massive brows, dark, deep-set 20 eyes, and hair as black as night. When he arose to speak he commanded instant attention, and his deep, wonderfully modulated voice thrilled his hearers beyond our power to realize. Those who saw him were awed by his presence. 25 Carlyle called him "a parliamentary Hercules, whom one would back against the world."





## BUNKER HILL

[About the year 1815 a number of patriotic gentlemen of Boston conceived the idea of a great monument on Breed's Hill (now called Bunker Hill), to mark the site of the first important battle of the Revolution. A society known as the  
5 Bunker Hill Monument Association was formed, subscriptions were received, and within ten years the plan was so far advanced that they were ready to build the monument. It was proposed to lay the corner stone on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle; that is, on June 17, 1825. The day arrived. Forty survivors  
10 of the battle had been found and assembled in Boston as the guests of the state of Massachusetts. Two hundred other Revolutionary veterans were also present. General Lafayette, who was at that time visiting in America, received a special invitation to assist in the ceremonies. A great procession moved from  
15 the statehouse, over Charlestown bridge to Bunker Hill. The old chaplain of Colonel Prescott's regiment, then far advanced in years, offered a prayer — as he had offered one on that morning fifty years before, when the colonial troops were going into action. In a cavity beneath the stone were placed maps and  
20 accounts of the battle, specimens of Continental coins and currency, a piece of Plymouth Rock, copies of Boston newspapers, and various other interesting memorials; General Lafayette spread a trowelful of cement, and the stone was lowered to its place. Then, on the northern slope of the hill, before an audience of  
25 twenty thousand and upon a platform decorated with flags and banners, with Lafayette and the Revolutionary heroes beside him, Webster delivered his great oration. Our selection contains two extracts from it.]



We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We 5 wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections 10 which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward and be assured that 15 the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, 20 that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the 25 morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit. . . .



VENERABLE MEN! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very  
5 hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you  
10 see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying, the impetuous charge, the steady and successful repulse, the loud call to repeated assault, the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance, a  
15 thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with  
20 wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships,  
25 by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you but your country's own



means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils, and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Webster's life. 2. Describe the occasion upon which this speech was delivered. 3. What reasons does Webster give for the erection of Bunker Hill monument? 4. What difference in meaning is there between "not undistinguished" and "distinguished"? Which is the better expression here, and why? 5. Explain "among the pointed spires of so many temples," "Let it rise till it meet the sun," etc. Note this fine picture of the sun touching the tall shaft.

6. The orator now turns to the survivors of the battle and addresses them personally. How many were present? About how old should you expect the youngest of them to be? 7. What two scenes are contrasted in the sentences that follow? Fix them firmly in mind. What does the change indicate regarding America? "Yonder proud ships," which the audience could easily see from where they were standing, were government vessels anchored in Charlestown Navy Yard.

Other readings from Webster: Extracts from the Reply to Hayne and from the Plymouth Oration. Read also Holmes's "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle."



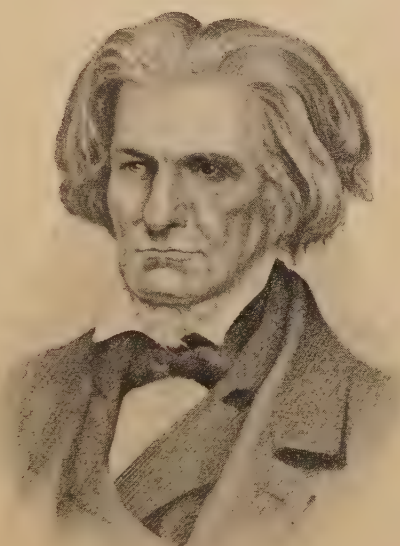
## JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

1782-1850

The same year that saw the birth of Webster marked also the coming of another great American orator, John C. Calhoun. Born on Calhoun Creek, not far from Abbeville, South Carolina, he was of Scotch-Irish parentage, his father, Patrick Calhoun, being the leader of a small pioneer colony. There was no chance for the boy to go to school, and few books for him to read, but when he was thirteen he spent a year in the family of an older sister in Georgia, and there he had a great awakening. His sister's husband, the Reverend Moses Waddell, had charge of a circulating library, which the boy first tasted and then straightway devoured. When he returned home he took up the farm life again, but he did not forget the vision which he had had of a broader life, and he determined to get an education.

At nineteen he went to school for the first time. It was a strange school and was kept by his brother-in-law, Dr. Waddell, who had moved to Willington, on the Savannah River. The students lived in log houses in the woods and for the most part boarded themselves. At sunrise every morning Dr. Waddell came to the door of his log house and blew a horn. The boys answered with





*John Caldwell Calhoun*



horns from their log houses and came to Dr. Waddell's for prayers. Then each received a chair marked with his name and went off into the woods to study. In cold weather bonfires were lighted, and at stated hours the  
5 boys came in for recitations.

After two years at Willington, Calhoun was able to enter the junior class at Yale, graduating at the end of another two years with high honors. He studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and later with an attorney at  
10 Charleston. He then opened an office in Abbeville, and was soon elected to the legislature of South Carolina. From there it was but a step to Congress, which he entered in 1811, at the age of twenty-nine. In Congress Calhoun soon became one of the great debaters and the  
15 champion of the South. Webster was his strongest opponent, but though the two men clashed in many a debate they had the highest admiration for each other. Webster said :

His power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in  
20 the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character, and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor.

Calhoun was striking in appearance. He was more than six feet tall, slender, erect, with somewhat harsh and  
25 angular features and piercing eyes, which, when he was angry, gleamed dangerously out from under his shaggy eyebrows. His hair was thick and bushy; his voice



strong and somewhat shrill; his gestures stiff; his manner brusque and not trained to please. Yet he spoke with such clearness, such force and earnestness, that men were compelled to listen and to heed. His firmness gave him the name of the "cast-iron man."

5

Calhoun was made Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet in 1817 and was urged for the presidency in 1824. After being defeated in convention he was elected vice president, serving one term with John Quincy Adams and a second term with Jackson. He was made Secretary 10 of State under Tyler and was largely instrumental in securing the annexation of Texas. Among his most important speeches are those on the Tariff (1816), The Oregon Bill (1843), and Slavery (1850).

## PEACE

[This selection is from a speech on the Oregon question, 15 delivered in the Senate, March 16, 1846. Both the United States and England claimed the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, from California north to Alaska. It was thought that war would result, but owing to the efforts of Calhoun and other advocates of peace a treaty was made in 1846, in which 20 the present boundary (49°) was fixed. This extract contains only one of Calhoun's arguments. The entire speech may be found in Volume IV of his Complete Works.]

I am, on principle, opposed to war and in favor of peace because I regard peace as a positive good and war 25



as a positive evil. As a good, I shall ever cling to peace, so long as it can be preserved consistently with the safety and honor of the country ; and as opposed to war, I shall ever resist it, so long as it may be resisted consistently  
5 with the same considerations. . . .

Providence has given us an inheritance stretching across the entire continent, from east to west, from ocean to ocean, and from north to south, covering by far the greater and better part of its temperate zone. It  
10 comprises a region not only of vast extent, but abundant in all resources ; excellent in climate ; fertile and exuberant in soil ; capable of sustaining, in the plentiful enjoyment of all the necessities of life, a population of ten times our present number. Our great mission, as a people,  
15 is to occupy this vast domain ; to convert the forests into cultivated fields ; to drain the swamps and morasses, and cover them with rich harvests ; to build up cities, towns, and villages in every direction, and to unite the whole by the most rapid intercourse between all the parts. War  
20 would but impede the fulfillment of this high mission, by absorbing the means and diverting the energies which would be devoted to the purpose. On the contrary, secure peace ; and time, under the guidance of a sagacious and cautious policy, will speedily accomplish the whole. Our  
25 population is now increasing at the rate of about six hundred thousand annually — and is progressing with increased rapidity every year. At the end of the next



twenty-five years it ought to reach to upwards of forty millions. With this vast increase, it is rolling westwardly with a strong and deep current, and will by the end of that period have spread from ocean to ocean. Its course is irresistible. . . . At the same rate, we shall at the end 5 of another twenty-five years have increased to upwards of eighty millions of people; when, with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and occupying a position between the eastern and the western coasts of the old continent, we shall be better able to control the 10 commerce of both oceans, and to exert an influence over both continents, than any other country in the world. If we avoid war and adhere to peace, all this will be effected. . . . War may make us great; but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free. 15

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Calhoun's life. 2. Describe the circumstances under which this speech was delivered. 3. Describe the condition of the country west of the Mississippi River at the time of this speech. 4. The population of the United States was then about twenty millions. What do you think of the estimate that the land could support ten times as many? What is the present population? 5. What has been done toward performing the various things mentioned by Calhoun as being a part of our great mission? Note each clause separately. 6. Read carefully the last sentence, and explain how "peace only can make us both great and *free*."



## WASHINGTON IRVING

1783-1859

(For life of Irving see Advanced Literary Reader, Part I, page 115)

### RIP VAN WINKLE

[The story of Rip Van Winkle, probably the most popular of all Irving's tales, is from "The Sketch Book," which was published in 1820. It is here somewhat abridged.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must re-  
5 member the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismem-  
bered branch of the Appalachian family, and are seen  
away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble  
height and lording it over the surrounding country.  
Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed,  
10 every hour of the day, produces some change in the magi-  
cal hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are  
regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect  
barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they  
are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold out-  
15 lines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the  
rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood  
of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last  
rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a  
crown of glory.



At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. . . .

Rip was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly



going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his  
5 shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. . . .

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness and  
10 even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. . . .

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool  
15 that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a  
20 rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. . . .

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at  
25 length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. . . .



Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. 5

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" 10

Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands. 25

6



On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time  
5 Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors  
10 of Dame Van Winkle.

✓ As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought  
15 his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fear-  
20 fully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any  
25 human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.



On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs 5 of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and dis- 10 trustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that 15 seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. 20 Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time 25 Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the



object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity. ✓

5 On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On the level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in  
10 their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose and was surmounted by a white sugar-  
15 loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and  
20 feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

25 What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence,



and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

5

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied 10 the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He 15 even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon 20 so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his 25 eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle



was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain  
5 ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woebegone party at ninepins, the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean,  
10 well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his  
15 gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's  
20 gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the  
25 rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had



ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of 5 birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened 10 through the cliffs to the amphitheater, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, 15 then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at 20 the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the 25 rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.



As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different  
5 fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and whenever they cast their eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonish-  
10 ment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at  
15 him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — every-  
20 thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance;  
25 there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"



It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off 5 the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!” 10

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a mo- 15 ment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old 20 hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.”

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the atten- 25 tion of the tavern politicians. . . . A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat demanded, in an



austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. ✓

The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no  
5 harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

10 There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

15 "Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know. He never came  
20 back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes  
25 in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he



could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity; and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby



child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train  
5 of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Julith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's  
10 twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indian, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

15 Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

20 The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does n-body know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

25 All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed:



"Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?"

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

*Introduction:* 1. Give a sketch of Irving's life.

*The scene of the story:* 2. Locate on a map the Catskill Mountains (notice the old Dutch spelling, *Kaatskill*). Why are the mountains likened to barometers? 3. What figure is in "clothed in blue and purple"? in "print their bold outlines"? "hood of gray vapors"? "like a crown of glory"? What effect does this opening description have upon you, as you read it? 4. Why are the mountains called *fairy* mountains, and how does the word prepare you for the story that follows? 5. Describe the village. 6. Who was Peter Stuyvesant?

*The characters:* 7. What sort of character was Rip Van Winkle? 8. Explain "a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." 9. Why were the idlers called sages and philosophers? 10. Explain "rubicund portrait," "termagant," "call the members all to naught," "reciprocated the sentiment."

*Rip's ramble and sleep:* 11. What did Rip see from the summit of the mountain? 12. Define "herbage," "shagged," "impending cliffs." 13. Explain the figures in "crowned the brow of a precipice," "lordly Hudson," "lagging bark," "sleeping on its glassy bosom." 14. Notice the touch of loneliness given to the picture by the solitary crow winging his flight through the evening sky. What words in the description add to this effect? 15. Explain "vague apprehension," "usual alacrity," "amphitheater," "doublets," "visages," "weather-beaten



countenance," "hanger," "shoes with *roses* in them," "Dominie."

16. In describing the seriousness of this pleasure party, Irving is making fun of the old Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam.

17. Define "uncouth," "lack-luster," "flagons," "quaffed."

18. Explain "reiterated his visits to the flagon."

*The awakening*: 19. How much time is supposed to have passed between the events spoken of in lines 23 and 24, page 221?

20. What figure of speech is in "wheeling"? 21. Define "woebegone," "roisters," "made shift." 22. Name the points in the description of Rip's awakening that show the passing of a long space of time. 23. Point out the chief figures of speech.

*The return to the village and the recognition*: 24. What changes in the village and the people showed the passage of time? 25. Define "misgave," "addled," "skulking." 26. What is the allusion in "unkind cut"? (See page 399, line 18.) 27. Was it his dog Wolf that Rip saw? Give reasons for your answer. 28. Notice the feeling of loneliness in the description of the deserted house. Explain "connubial fears." What feeling must Rip have had when he "called loudly for his wife and children"? 29. What important fact is hinted at in the difference between the old and the new signs on the tavern? 30. Explain "precise counterpart," "his own identity." 31. What was Rip's last question, and why did he leave it until the last?

*General*: 32. Point out in this selection examples of Irving's humor or love of fun. What do you think is the best of them? 33. Point out the descriptive passages that you like best. Compare Irving's style with that of Carlyle, of Macaulay, of Ruskin. What do you think especially distinguishes Irving from these?

Other readings from Irving: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Specter Bridegroom* from the "Sketch Book"; *The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer* from "The Alhambra."



# WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794-1878

(For life of Bryant see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 146)

## TO A WATERFOWL

[This beautiful poem was composed during a walk from Cummington to Plainfield, Massachusetts, in the early winter of 1815. Bryant had been disappointed in getting an education. After spending but a year at college he had read law with an attorney in Cummington and now was going to Plainfield to 5 establish himself and begin his work. But he was uncertain of himself; he did not know whether he wanted to be a lawyer after all; he thought he would rather be a writer, if the way were open. He was uncertain also of his health, which at that time was poor. The world looked big and hard, and he felt 10 lonely and ill prepared to face it. As he walked, twilight settled upon the earth, and looking up he saw a wild duck that had been separated from its fellows and was winging its way through the sky. It seemed like himself, alone, wandering from home through a limitless expanse! But an unseen Power was guiding 15 it, and there were in store days of joy and comradeship.]

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

20



Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

5           Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

10           There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —  
The desert and illimitable air —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

15           All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

          ' And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
20           Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.



He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Bryant's life. 2. Explain the circumstances under which this poem was written and the similarity between the bird and the poet. 3. Explain the figures in "last steps of day," "their rosy depths." 4. Why could the fowler do the bird no harm? 5. Note the fine figure, "As, darkly painted on the crimson sky, thy figure floats along." What does this suggest?

6. Explain "plashy brink" (note the harmony between the sound and meaning in *plashy*), "chafed ocean side," "pathless coast," "desert and illimitable air." 7. What is the difference between wandering and being lost? 8. Why is the atmosphere called thin? 9. Note the sharp contrast between the fifth and sixth stanzas. Explain "the abyss of heaven." 10. What is the figure in "swallowed up"? How else might this sentence be expressed? Can you find any other expression so strong or satisfactory? 11. What is "the lesson thou hast given"? 12. Explain "certain flight." 13. How was Bryant's faith in God justified in his own life? 14. Point out examples of alliteration in this poem. 15. Name the figures of speech. 16. Select passages that you like best. 17. Memorize the poem.

Other readings from Bryant: "Thanatopsis," "Sella," "The Evening Wind," "Hymn to the North Star."

Read also Celia Thaxter's "The Sandpiper" (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 130) and Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness."



## EDWARD EVERETT

1794-1865

When Daniel Webster was studying law in Boston, he once helped his brother Ezekiel for a short time in the teaching of a private school. Among the pupils was a boy named Edward Everett, the son of a Dorchester  
5 clergyman; this boy became in later years an orator scarcely less distinguished than Webster himself, and was one of Webster's warmest personal friends.

Young Everett's father had recently died and the boy was working hard to obtain an education. He fitted for  
10 college at Phillips Exeter Academy, entered Harvard at thirteen, the youngest member of his class, and graduated four years later with the highest honors. Thinking to follow his father's profession, he then studied theology and in 1813 became pastor of the Brattle Street Church,  
15 where his eloquence and charm of manner attracted large congregations. After a two years' pastorate he was offered the professorship of Greek literature at Harvard and was allowed four years of foreign travel and study to prepare himself. This position he accepted, and while at Harvard  
20 lived for a time in the old Craigie house, later famed as the home of Longfellow. During his professorship he was also editor of the *North American Review*.



Everett was already known as a brilliant orator, and in 1824 was elected to Congress, where he served ten years. Then he was made governor of Massachusetts and three times reëlected, losing his fourth reëlection by a single vote. President William H. Harrison next appointed him 5 ambassador to England, and upon the conclusion of his term of office he returned to this country and was made president of Harvard University.

At the death of Webster in 1852 Everett succeeded him as Secretary of State, and upon retiring from that 10 position entered the Senate. He was one of the Republican electors in 1864, and his last political act was to cast his electoral vote for Lincoln's reëlection.

Everett did not have the natural gifts of Webster or Clay or Calhoun, but what he lacked in force he made 15 up in scholarship, judgment, and good taste. He was the highest type of a cultured gentleman of the old school; and his fine face, his noble figure, his full, clear voice, were well fitted to the graceful style of oratory in which he excelled.

20

## DAWN

[Upon the opening of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, August 28, 1856, Everett gave an address on the Uses of Astronomy, containing this fine description of dawn. Notice that he is describing something so beautiful as to be worth 25 going miles to see, yet so common that we can see it almost any morning.]



I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only  
5 by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night, — the sky was without a cloud, — the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little  
10 affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady  
15 pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to  
20 soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal  
25 eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars



shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached 5 the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the 10 gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hilltops of Central Asia and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I 15 am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God." ✓

20

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of the author of this address.
2. Where and when was the address delivered? Notice that the description is not of a fixed scene, but of one which is constantly changing. First the cloudless summer night, with the moon and planets moving through the sky; then the approach of dawn, the fading of the stars, faint streaks of color in the



east, a gradual lightening of the heavens, until at length the sun bursts above the horizon and makes the dewdrops glisten like jewels. If you think these colors unnatural, watch the sunrise for a few mornings and see how many more you will discover.

3. Does the clank of the train add to the effect or detract from it? Why? 4. Explain "the winds were whist," "the moon . . . *in the last quarter*," "spectral luster," "Jupiter," "herald of the day." 5. What are the Pleiades, and what allusion is there in "shed their sweet influence" (see Job 38:31)? 6. What is Lyra? Andromeda? Explain "veiled her newly discovered glories from the *naked* eye." (With a telescope new stars had recently been discovered in this constellation. What *is* a constellation?) 7. What are "the steady pointers," and who is "their sovereign"?

8. What is the force of "timid" in line 18, page 236? What figure in "like little children" etc.? 9. Explain "the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together." 10. What figure in "hands of angels" etc.? in "shut up their holy eyes"? in "blushed"? 11. Study the phrases and explain when necessary: "celestial concave," "inflowing tides," "ocean of radiance," "flash of purple fire," "dewy teardrops," "gates of the morning," "lord of day," "began his state."

12. Who were the ancient Magians, and what is meant by "the morning of the world"? What did the Magians worship? 13. Why did not the speaker wonder at their superstition? 14. What thought did the glory and beauty of the dawn bring to Everett?

Other readings from Everett: extracts from the orations on Bunker Hill (1850), the Death of Webster (1852), the Character of Washington (1856), The Battle of Bloody Brook, — King Philip (1835).



## WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

1796-1859

Every reader of American history knows of Colonel Prescott, who commanded the minutemen at Bunker Hill, but not every reader knows that he was the grandfather of Prescott the historian. The son of Colonel Prescott, and father of the historian, was also a distinguished man in his day — a lawyer of Salem and of Boston, and in later life a judge. So when his son William Hickling Prescott came into the world, he had an ancestry that laid upon him some responsibility for keeping up the family reputation. 5 10

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem in the spring of 1796. He was a bright, handsome child; his parents were wealthy and devoted to him; he had the advantages of a cultured home and of the best teachers that could be obtained. At fifteen he entered Harvard and became exceedingly popular. He was active, manly, full of fun, and there was a kindliness and cheer about him that made every one his friend. During his junior year, however, an accident occurred which if he had been made of weaker stuff, would have wrecked his life. One night at dinner in the college commons a boisterous student hurled a hard piece of bread across the table, striking young 15 20



Prescott in the open eye, destroying the sight of it, and giving him such a shock that he was ill for weeks. When he recovered he went cheerfully on with his work, making the most of the eye that remained, though his physician  
5 warned him to be very careful of it or he would lose the sight of that too. He graduated the next year and began the study of law in his father's office in Boston, but his right eye — the good one — began to trouble him, and he soon found himself totally blind. By living in a darkened  
10 room he recovered in a measure the use of the right eye, and as it became stronger he was sent to the Azores to visit his mother's family — for his grandfather Hickling was then consul at that place. It was hoped that the change and out-of-door life would improve his general  
15 health and thus help his eyesight. He enjoyed a few days of his new life in the Azores; then found himself again in darkness. But he kept his courage, sang songs, joked with his cousins, and took daily exercise by walking back and forth in a darkened room, thrusting out his arms to  
20 keep from running into the walls. Then he went to London to consult a specialist and was told that with care he might use his eye a little every day.

✓ After traveling over the Continent and visiting Paris, Florence, and Rome, he returned home and continued  
25 his studies. This was made possible through the help of his sister, who read to him nearly eight hours each day. He went out into society and made himself welcome





*William Hickling Prescott*



everywhere by his unfailing gayety, wit, and good-nature. At twenty-four he married and determined to devote his life to literature. He had no thought of giving up. To perfect his style, he spent six years in listening six to eight  
5 hours a day to readings from the best English writers and in making himself more thoroughly familiar with Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish literature, read to him in the original tongues. He trained himself to remember the important points in what was read to him, and with  
10 bandaged eyes made notes in pencil, guiding his hand along the lines by means of a series of fine wires.

At thirty he decided to write a history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He sent to Spain for books treating of those times. Rare books and manuscripts that he  
15 could not buy or borrow he had copied for him in parts, by hand. After thus collecting several hundred volumes bearing upon his subject, he hired a secretary who could read Spanish, and began his preparation. Three and a half years were spent in the reading and study of these sources  
20 of information, before he began to write. Then, as he wrote, he found that he must investigate still other sources. With infinite patience, slighting nothing, hurrying over nothing, he continued his task, and in ten years from the time that he began to read for "Ferdinand and Isabella" the book  
25 was ready for publication. It was immediately successful.

He next began work upon the "Conquest of Mexico," which took five years of the same sort of labor. Then



followed the "Conquest of Peru," which consumed three years more. Each day the author took a horseback ride at sunrise, devoted an average of seven hours to his reading and writing, walked several miles, and by his physician's advice was allowed the use of his eye about *thirty-five* 5 *minutes*, scarcely more than five minutes at a time. His last important work was "Philip the Second," of which three volumes were published, but which was not finished at the time of his death, in 1859.

On the wall of Prescott's library, over his books, were 10 two crossed swords. One was that of his grandfather, Colonel Prescott; the other, that of Captain Linsee, Mrs. Prescott's grandfather, who was captain of the British sloop-of-war *Falcon*, and who, strangely enough, on that seventeenth of June, 1775, was eagerly engaged in bom- 15 barding Colonel Prescott and his minutemen on Bunker Hill. These swords represent a certain kind of bravery which it is good to have, but Prescott the historian had a different and a higher kind. He was all his life fighting to do a worthy work, under a great handicap, and he did 20 it with a cheerfulness and confidence which are a lesson to all men. ✓

## THE DISCOVERY OF PERU

[In 1524 Pizarro, then at Panama, began to be attracted by stories of a great and wealthy native empire to the south. With the aid of two friends and the consent of the governor, he set 25 out to find it, but his first expedition was a failure. Two years



later he tried again, sailing down the Pacific coast and exploring the country along the shore. After great hardships he landed on the island of Gallo, and sent back his companion, Almagro, for more men. The undertaking seemed so hopeless that instead of sending men the Spanish governor of Panama sent an officer to bring back Pizarro and his companions. Pizarro would not go. With his sword he drew a line in the sand, and said, "On that side lie toil, hunger, thirst, sickness, and every kind of danger, but also the chance of glory and heroic achievement." Then he stepped over the line. Thirteen of his companions also stepped over it, indicating that they would follow him. The rest went back. But Almagro had obtained another ship at Panama and came to Pizarro's assistance. Together they sailed as far south as the Gulf of Guayaquil. At that point they took several natives, together with evidences of the country's wealth, and returned to Panama, whence Pizarro went to Spain and told his story to King Charles the Fifth. The king authorized him to return and conquer the country, making him governor of it, in the name of Spain. With this authority Pizarro raised an army, returned to Panama, and in 1531 set sail again for Peru. This selection is from the "Conquest of Peru."]

At length the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena and glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful gulf of Guayaquil. The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordilleras, sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way into the sea.



The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stupendous heights of this magnificent range — Chimborazo, with its broad, round summit towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi, with its dazzling cone of silvery white that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires — for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes and was in formidable activity at no great distance from the period of our narrative. Well pleased with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length came to anchor off the island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez.

As they drew near they beheld a town of considerable size, with many of the buildings, apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by careful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from shore, Pizarro saw standing towards him several large balsas, which were found to be filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puna. Running alongside of the Indian flotilla, he invited some of the chiefs to come on board of his vessel. The Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of the strangers, whom they described as



a wonderful race of beings, that had come thither for no harm but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.


The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore, and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which, now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen, and instantly reported the affair to the *curaca* or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the strangers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request. It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel, laden with bananas, plantains, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pineapples, coconuts, and other rich products of the bountiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa, but of which till now he had met with no living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep — or, as the Spaniards called it, the "little camel" of the Indians — with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of wool and hair which supplied the natives with the materials for their fabrics.

On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonso de Molina, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panama, together with a present for the *curaca* of some



swine and poultry, neither of which were indigenous to the New World. Towards evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell. On landing he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. Their surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands. As the African bore all this with characteristic good-humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands and inquired what he was saying.

Molina was then escorted to the residence of the *curaca*, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone, and though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.





The person selected was Pedro de Candia, the Greek cavalier mentioned as one of the first who intimated his intention to share the fortunes of his commander. He was sent on shore, dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side and his arquebuse on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armor and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebuse from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them." He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shattered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands.

They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens



of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables all in pure gold and silver! The town was well supplied with water by numerous aqueducts, and the fruitful valley in which it was embosomed, and the ocean which bathed its shores, supplied ample means of subsistence to a considerable population.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Prescott's life. 2. Tell of Pizarro's former efforts to explore Peru. 3. Locate on a map the Gulf of Guayaquil, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, Puna (Tumbez was on the coast almost directly south of Puna). 4. Define "Cordilleras," "balsa," "curaca," "yuca," "llama." 5. What impression do you gain of Peru from the opening description? 6. How did the countrymen of the Peruvians, line 24, page 245, happen to be with Pizarro? 7. What truth was there in their statement that the Spaniards came to do no harm? 8. Define "indigenous," "sable," "prodigiously," "emissary," "arquebuse," "Inca," "aqueducts." 9. From this description what do you think was the character of the Peruvians? 10. What right had the Spaniards to conquer Peru? 11. Select the paragraphs that are chiefly descriptive and those that are chiefly narrative. Which seem to you the stronger? 12. A historian's great strength is in making his readers see a picture vividly and accurately. How well does Prescott do this in the present selection?

Other readings from Prescott: The Return of Columbus to Spain, in "Ferdinand and Isabella," The Entrance of Cortes into the City of Mexico, in the "Conquest of Mexico," Pizarro's Line in the Sand, and the Embassy to the Inca, from the "Conquest of Peru."



# NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804-1864

(For life of Hawthorne see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 11)

## THE GREAT STONE FACE

[This story was included in the volume called "The Snow Image, and Other Twice Told Tales," published in 1851. The idea of the face was suggested by the so-called "Old Man of the Mountain" in Franconia Notch of the White Mountains.]

5     One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

10     And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and  
15     difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper



mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."



"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest. The purport was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement.

✓ About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man foretold from ages long ago,



who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could 5 never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceed- 10 ingly rich merchant and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth.

And when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that 15 it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley and resolved to go back thither and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a 20 man of his vast wealth to live in.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected 25 to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the



noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest.

While the boy was still gazing up the valley, the rumbling of wheels was heard. A carriage, drawn by four  
5 horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable  
10 wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last."

15 But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What  
20 did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they  
25 saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According



to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which 5 was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of 10 other human lives.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a 15 living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and after a 20 great deal of hard fighting had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and 25 weary of the turmoil of a military life, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping



to find repose where he remembered to have left it. His old neighbors and their grown-up children were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, 5 it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared.

On the day of the great festival Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. The 10 tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there 15 was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among 20 the throng.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's 25 health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd,



from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone 5 Face. And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were 10 altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features 15 of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still 20 brightening, although without motion of the lips.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him,—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest 25 still dwelt in his native valley and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees he had become



known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life  
5 to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a  
10 wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived.

But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness  
15 of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich  
20 man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong;  
25 for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. In good truth he was a wondrous man;



and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great 5 Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on 10 a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to 15 receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. 20  
"There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche drawn by four white horses; and in the 25 barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.



Now it must be owned that at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain  
5 side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic — of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated  
10 the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Ernest turned away, melancholy and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to  
15 behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouche swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed  
20 again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

“Lo, here I am, Ernest!” the benign lips seemed to say. “I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come.”

25 The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they



made reverend wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he 5 had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, 10 a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the moun- 15 tains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. 20

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now, as he read stanzas that 25 caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.



"O majestic friend," he murmured, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far  
5 away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated  
much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so  
desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom  
walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life.  
One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the  
10 railroad and in the decline of the afternoon alighted  
from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage.  
With his carpetbag on his arm, he inquired where Ernest  
dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old  
15 man holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he  
read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked  
lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a  
traveler a night's lodging?"

20 "Willingly," answered Ernest.

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he  
and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held  
intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never  
before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feel-  
25 ings gushed up with such a natural freedom and who  
made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of  
them. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and



agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading. "You have read these poems," said he.

"You know me then—for I wrote them." 10

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed. 15

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image." 20 25



"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume.  
"Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet.  
"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly  
5 song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded  
with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they  
have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that,  
too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities."

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears.  
10 So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent  
custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the  
neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet,  
arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, pro-  
15 ceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills,  
with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was  
relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants,  
that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their  
festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation  
20 above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure,  
there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human  
figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously  
accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into  
this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of  
25 familiar kindness around upon his audience.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what  
was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because



they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. 5 Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draft. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within him- 10 self that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, 15 with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a 20 grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted, —

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

25

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled.



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something of Hawthorne's life. 2. Describe the Great Stone Face. This story covers the entire life of Ernest and may be divided into four parts.

(a) *Boyhood. The Coming of Gathergold.* 3. Note that the story is poetic. Though not in verse form it is rhythmical. Find sentences that illustrate this. 4. Alliteration is sometimes used; find examples. 5. The language is figurative. Explain the figures in "where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace," etc.; "It seemed as if . . . had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice." 6. In what way did Ernest spend his boyhood, and how did the Great Stone Face become his teacher? 7. What does Gathergold's name tell of his character? In what other stories are the names descriptive (see "Pilgrim's Progress")? 8. Note how the word "rumbling" conveys the sound of wheels. Find other words that have the sound of the things they represent. 9. Explain the figure in "Midas-hand." 10. Why did the people think that Gathergold looked like the Great Stone Face? Contrast the faces of the two.

(b) *Young Manhood. The Coming of Old Blood-and-Thunder.* 11. How did Ernest spend his young manhood, and what peculiarity did the people notice in him? 12. Explain "molded on the defaced example of other human lives." Define "discredited." 13. Explain "sylvan banquet," "vista." 14. What touch of humor do you find in the description of the banquet to the general? 15. In what respects did the general resemble the Great Stone Face, and in what did he fail? 16. Why was Ernest not deceived as the rest of the people were?

(c) *Middle Age. The Coming of Old Stony Phiz.* 17. In what ways had Ernest changed since his young manhood, and



in what ways was he the same? 18. Explain the fine metaphor in line 10, page 258. 19. Explain the figure in "he could make a kind of illuminated fog." 20. Why did Old Stony Phiz return to the valley? What shall we say of the sentence beginning "Of course," line 11, page 259? 21. Define "barouche," "emulation," "etherealized," "vociferous." 22. How did Old Stony Phiz resemble the Stone Face, and how did he fail? Why was Ernest's disappointment so much keener in this case?

(d) *Old Age. The Coming of the Poet.* 23. How had Ernest changed? 24. Note the figure "his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved." Compare Ernest's wrinkles with those of Gathergold. 25. Compare the poet and Ernest. Why did not the poet grow into the likeness of the Great Stone Face? 26. Explain "pearls, pure and rich," line 6, page 265; "the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry," line 8. 27. Why could the poet see the likeness between Ernest and the Great Stone Face, while the people of the valley had never noticed it? 28. Why did Ernest never think of being himself like the Face? (Note that Ernest was unselfish. He worshiped the Great Stone Face without any thought that he was good enough to be like it, but with the hope that some one else might be.) 29. What was Hawthorne's purpose in introducing the characters of Gathergold, Blood-and-Thunder, Stony Phiz, and the Poet?

Other readings from Hawthorne: Ben Franklin's Wharf (see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 17) and Samuel Johnson, from "Biographical Stories"; The Pine Tree Shillings, The Sunken Treasure, and The Old-Fashioned School, from "Grandfather's Chair"; "The Snow Image"; and "A Rill from the Town Pump."



## EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809-1849

One of the saddest literary lives that we shall read is that of Poe. He was a genius, and his name stands high among American writers, but his life was incomplete and clouded with sorrow, which he was not strong enough to  
5 rise above.

His grandfather, General David Poe of Baltimore, fought in the Revolution; his father, also David by name, studied law, but was seized with a passion for the stage, joined a company of players, and married an actress.  
10 In January of the year 1809, while David Poe and his wife were playing in Boston, a boy was born to them. He was their second child, and they named him Edgar. The theatrical venture in which they had embarked proved a failure, and before the boy was four years old  
15 both the father and the mother had become ill and died in extreme poverty. Following this, the children, of whom there were then three, were adopted into different families.

It was Edgar's lot to be taken by the wife of a Scotch tobacco merchant of Richmond, named Allan, and from  
20 his foster parents he received his middle name. When the boy was about six, the Allans went to England and placed him in a good school in the suburbs of London.






*Edgar Allan Poe*



He was a beautiful child and had his parents' talent for acting. It is said that when he was six the Allans used to have him stand in a chair before guests and recite poetry. It seems evident that they did their best to spoil him, and as a result he grew up proud and willful.

At eleven he returned to Richmond with the Allans, continued his education under private teachers, and at seventeen entered the University of Virginia. At the university he led a fast life, drinking and gambling until he found himself some twenty-five hundred dollars in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay the debt, took him out of college, and put him to work in his counting house. But Poe, not relishing this dull life, had angry words with his foster father and left him.

From Richmond he wandered to Boston and published a little volume of poems, but they attracted no attention, and to earn a living he enlisted in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. For two years he served faithfully and well—so well, in fact, that Mr. Allan, believing he had reformed, secured an appointment for him to the West Point Military Academy. Poe was now twenty-one, and is described by fellow students at West Point as courteous, but proud, reserved, sensitive, discontented, and disposed to criticize everybody and everything. Although a good student, he deliberately neglected the military routine of the academy and was therefore promptly dismissed.





As Mr. Allan refused to do anything more for him, he went to New York to try his fortune there. He issued another little book of poems, better than the first, but not good enough to bring him into notice. Then he went to Baltimore and worked for the newspapers, making 5 barely enough to keep him alive; but after a year or two of this sort of work he wrote one day a short story called "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," which won him a prize of one hundred dollars and the friendship of John P. Robinson, a literary man who secured for him 10 a position on the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond. Here was a chance for Poe to redeem himself, and a bright future opened out before him. He married a young girl, Virginia Clemm, to whom he was devotedly attached, and enjoyed a few happy years; but soon he 15 had trouble with the owners of the *Messenger* and left them. He then drifted to New York and Philadelphia, secured several editorial positions—but did not hold them long—and won another prize of a hundred dollars for his story "The Gold Bug." 20

The great tragedy of his life occurred in New York, whither he went in 1844. His young wife, Virginia, was not strong, and grew weaker every day. He could not earn enough to give her the comforts that she needed. They rented a little cottage at Fordham, in the suburbs, 25 but often they had no heat and insufficient food. At last Virginia died, and Poe was nearly crazed with grief.



The next few years were almost like a nightmare. Poe wrote some of his finest poems and stories, but was under a cloud of depression which he could not shake off. In 1849 he went to Richmond, earned a considerable sum of money from a lecture, and set out for New York with fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket. What happened on the way no one knows, but he was found ill and unconscious in Baltimore, with his baggage and money gone. He was taken to a hospital, and died a few days later.

### THE BELLS

[This is probably the most remarkable example which we have in English of a poem in which the words themselves suggest by their sound the thing which they represent. In it we seem to hear the ringing of the bells. We feel the brightness and gayety of the sleigh bells, the joy of the wedding bells, the wild alarm of the fire bells, and the solemn tolling of the funeral bells. The first draft of the poem was written one evening in the summer of 1847, a few months after the death of Poe's wife and during a time when the poet was weary and despondent. He was visiting a friend in New York; the window was open, and the sound of church bells floated in. He remarked that he must write a poem, but that he had no subject and no inspiration. His friend suggested the bells. He replied, "I so dislike the sound of bells to-night, I cannot write." But the friend persisted and gave him a sheet of paper heading it for him "The Bells, by E. A. Poe." Thus urged, he wrote two stanzas, the first and the last of the poem nearly as we now have it. At a later time he wrote the two intermediate stanzas.]



Hear the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

5

While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rime,

10

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,

15

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,

20

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

25



What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

5

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

10 To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

15

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

20 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor

Now — now to sit or never,

25

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!



What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

5

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

10

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells, —

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,

Of the bells,

15

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells,

Iron bells !

20

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats

25



From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people,  
They that dwell up in the steeple,

5

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

10

They are neither man nor woman,

They are neither brute nor human,

They are ghouls :

And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

15

Rolls

A pæan from the bells ;

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells,

And he dances, and he yells :

20

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rime,

To the pæan of the bells,

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time,

25

In a sort of Runic rime,

To the throbbing of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells —



To the sobbing of the bells ;  
    Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
    In a happy Runic rime,  
To the rolling of the bells, 5  
    Of the bells, bells, bells :  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
    Bells, bells, bells —  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. 10

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Poe's life. 2. When and how was this poem written? 3. For what is it remarkable? 4. Point out the words in the poem that have the sound which they express. 5. Point out examples of alliteration (note the double alliteration in the first two lines). 6. Point out lines that are especially musical. 7. Select the words that rime. 8. What kind of bells are described in the first stanza? Substitute a more common word for "sledges". Why does the poet call these bells "silver"? (Note the bright, silvery character of this stanza and express it in your reading.) 9. Explain "crystalline delight," "Runic rime," "tintinnabulation." In the repetition of the word "bells," think of the sleigh bells as jingling with each step of the horse. 10. In what one word might you express the feeling of the first stanza? 11. What bells are described in the second stanza? Why are they called "golden"? Explain "molten-golden." What other word in this stanza expresses much the same idea as "molten"? 12. Explain "sounding cells," "gush of euphony,"



"voluminously." 13. In the repetition of the word "bells" express the *swinging* and the *golden, mellow, joyous* qualities. 14. In what one word might the feeling of the second stanza be expressed?

15. What are the bells of the third stanza? Why "brazen"? 16. Explain the figure in "startled ear of night"; in "their affright." 17. Why are the fire bells said to shriek? 18. Explain "mad expostulation." Why is the fire said to be deaf? 19. Explain the "desperate desire" of the fire. What do you see in the action of flames that makes this metaphor appropriate? Explain "palpitating air." 20. Express in the repetition of the word "bells" the *jangling* and the *ebb and flow*. 21. Explain the figure in "ebbs and flows."

22. What are the bells of the fourth stanza? Why *iron*, rather than *brazen* or *golden*? 23. Define "monody." 24. What in Poe's life and character explains why he would "shiver with affright" at this sound? 25. Explain "melancholy menace." 26. Note the fine figure in "the rust within their throats." What kind of sound should you associate with a rusty throat? 27. Poe's idea is that the demons are ringing these bells. It will not be worth while to try to find the thought of this poem. It expresses mood rather than thought. 28. Explain "monotone," "ghouls," "pæan." 29. In reading the last stanza give special emphasis and expression to the words "tolling," "bells," "shiver," "groan," "ghouls," "tolls," "rolls," "pæan," "dances," "yells," "time," "throbbing," "sobbing," "knells," "moaning," "groaning." What single word would best express the feeling of the stanza? 30. Which of the bells is best described?

Other poems of Poe: "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "To Helen" ("Helen, thy Beauty is to me"), and "Eldorado."

Other poems in which the sound harmonizes with the sense: Southey's "The Cataract of Lodore," Tennyson's "The Brook."



## A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM

[This story was first published in a magazine in 1841, when Poe was living in Philadelphia. The experience which he makes the fisherman narrate is entirely fictitious, though the scene, except for some exaggeration, is correctly described. The Maelstrom, or Moskoestrom, may be found located in geographies, 5 between two of the Lofoden Islands, off the coast of Norway. It is a strong tidal current with a huge eddy, in which small boats are often lost, and which has given rise to many wild traditions. Poe was interested in scientific studies and worked out an explanation which gives to his story an air of possibility. 10 The points to be noticed are the vividness of the descriptions and the skillful construction of the story. The selection is somewhat abridged.]

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted 15 to speak. "Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man — or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of — and 20 the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul.

"The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher — hold on to the grass if you feel giddy — so — and look out, 25 beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."



I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff.

5 "The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and  
10 gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the  
15 waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes,  
20 except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where  
25 none had been seen before. These streaks, at length spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly



— very suddenly — this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could 5 fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even 10 the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

“This,” said I at length, to the old man — “this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom.”

“So it is sometimes termed,” said he. “We Norwe- 15 gians call it the Moskoestrom, from the island of Moskoe in the midway.

“Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond 20 Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. It was on the tenth of July, 18—. The three of us — my two brothers and myself — had crossed over to the islands about two o’clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for 25 home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.



"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. We put the boat on the  
5 wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

10 "In less than a minute the storm was upon us — in less than two the sky was entirely overcast — and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack. Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing.  
15 At the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety. As soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow  
20 gunwale of the bow and with my hands grasping a ringbolt near the foot of the foremast. ✓

"For some moments we were completely deluged, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog  
25 does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect



my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard — but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and 5 screamed out the word 'Moskoestrom!'

"A singular change had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky — as clear as I ever saw — and of a deep bright 10 blue — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but, what a scene it was to light up!

"So far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but pres- 15 ently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, 20 as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around — and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoestrom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead. 25

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were



enveloped in foam. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the  
5 very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. After a little while I became  
10 possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impos-  
15 sible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ringbolt. My brother was at the stern,  
20 holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this and made  
25 for the ring. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt and went astern to the cask. Scarcely had I secured



myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon <sup>5</sup> the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of <sup>10</sup> the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom <sup>15</sup> of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and <sup>20</sup> trunks of trees, with many smaller articles. ✓

"I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoestrom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most <sup>25</sup> extraordinary way, but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all.



Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed* — that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from  
5 some reason had descended so slowly after entering that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the  
10 fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was that as a general rule the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical  
15 cal and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. ✓

20 “I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother’s attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us,  
25 and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do, but he shook his head despairingly and refused to move from his station by



the ringbolt. The emergency admitted of no delay ; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation. 5

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, 10 plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the charac- 15 ter of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky 20 was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoestrom had been. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea 25 still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the



Strom and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the grounds of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror."

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What basis of truth is there in this tale? 2. Locate on a map the Lofoden islands and the Maelstrom. 3. Explain "ramparts of the world," "beetling cliff," "gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices," "the germ of another more vast," "a swaying and sweltering motion." 4. Note the figure of Niagara sending up "an appalling voice . . . in its agony to heaven." What does this tell you of the poet? Would Longfellow or Lanier have used such a metaphor? 5. Explain "a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden." What effect does this exactness of description have upon the story? Note other similar cases. 6. Explain "slack water." Why did the fishermen wish to make the most of the Strom at slack water? 7. Explain "spanked along," "put the boat on the wind," "both our masts went by the board," "let the foresail run." 8. Explain how the supposed teller of the story kept himself from being swept overboard. 9. What is the figure in "Presently our little boat gave herself a shake"?

10. Note the picture of the moon shining through the rift of blue sky. What effect does this have on the description that follows? 11. Explain "under the *counter*," "the *coop* of the counter," "buoyant matter." What is meant by the matter having been "absorbed and then thrown forth"?

A tale of Poe's which is interesting and neither melancholy nor horrible is "The Gold Bug."



# RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

(For life of Emerson see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 52)

## THE HUMBLEBEE

Burly, dozing humblebee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;  
I will follow thee alone, 5  
Thou animated torrid zone !  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion !  
Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
Swimmer through the waves of air ;  
Voyager of light and noon ; 15  
Epicurean of June ;  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum ;  
All without is martyrdom.



When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall,  
And with softness touching all,  
5 Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance,  
And infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou, in sunny solitudes,  
10 Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
15 Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
20 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple sap and daffodels,  
25 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,



Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue  
And brier roses, dwelt among ;  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.

5

Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher !  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou doest mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.  
When the fierce northwestern blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep ;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

10

15

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Emerson's life. 2. Describe the humblebee. What is its more common name ? 3. Explain "Where thou art is clime for me." (The bee seems the very spirit of summer. One need not go to Porto Rico to find heat, if he will only follow the bumblebee.) From this, what kind of weather do you think Emerson liked ? 4. Explain "animated torrid zone." (Perhaps the bands around the bee's body suggested zones ;



perhaps its warm yellow and its fondness for sunshine suggested heat; perhaps, too, the sensation made by the bee's sting seemed rather warm.)

5. Explain "zigzag steerer." (When a bee is laden with honey it flies home in a straight line; when hunting for honey, it flies in zigzag or wavy lines.) 6. Why is the bee a "desert cheerer"? Why an "epicurean"? Give the origin of "epicurean." 7. Explain "All without is martyrdom."

8. Note and explain the description of a hazy day in spring. (The indistinct light through the haze has more of romance because it leaves something to be imagined, while the clear sunlight shows everything.) 9. Explain "infusing subtle heats." How does the south wind turn the sod to violets? 10. Explain "sunny solitudes," "rover of the underwoods," "green silence," "mellow, breezy bass." Find in the poem two other expressions for the sound made by the bumblebee.

11. In what way does the midsummer pet the bumblebee? ("Crone" as used here is the same as "crony," or favorite companion.) 12. What does the bee's hum suggest to the poet? Explain "gulfs of sweetness," "Syrian peace." (The heat suggests Syria, as above it suggests Porto Rico.)

13. The bee will touch nothing unclean. What are some of the things here mentioned as supplying honey? Lines 5 and 6, page 291, mean that the bee pays no attention to anything except the sweet and good things; that all else is to him simply like a picture, without any real being. How, then, is the bumblebee wiser than many human prophets? 14. What does the bee do in winter? What effect does that have on "want and woe"? 15. Find in this poem the different names given to the bee. Which are the best? 16. What lesson did the bee teach the poet?



## THE RHODORA

## ON BEING ASKED WHENCE IS THE FLOWER

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,

5

Made the black water with their beauty gay ;  
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !

10

I never thought to ask, I never knew ;

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

15

The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Describe the Rhodora. 2. Explain "*leafless* blooms," "to please the desert," "black water," "the redbird" (here, the scarlet tanager), "cheapens his array," "Beauty is its own excuse for being," "the selfsame Power." 3. What idea is conveyed in "simple ignorance" ?



# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807-1882

(For life of Longfellow see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 63)

## EVANGELINE

[The poem "Evangeline" is based upon a legend of the French and Indian War. The British, some forty years before, had by conquest and treaty obtained possession of the French province of Acadie, or Acadia, now Nova Scotia. But the  
5 French inhabitants had never loved their English conquerors, and it became a problem for the English to know what to do with them. At length it was decided to expel so many of them that the English settlers would be able to overawe the remainder. About one half — estimated at seven thousand — were thus  
10 deported in 1755 and scattered among the English colonists farther south.]

The poem is in two parts. The first part describes the peaceful life of the Acadian farmers in the Basin of Minas and around the village of Grand Pré. Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest  
15 of them, a man of seventy, but hale and strong, lived happily with his only child Evangeline, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Young Gabriel Lajeunesse, son of Basil the blacksmith, loved Evangeline and was to be married to her. According to the Acadian custom a feast was given by Evangeline's father to  
20 celebrate the betrothal. It happened that on this same day the English governor had summoned all the men of the settlement into the church to hear a proclamation. The following selection describes what happened.]



Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the  
notary seated ;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and  
the beehives,

5

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts  
and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on  
his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of  
the fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from  
the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle, 10  
"Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres," and "Le Carillon de  
Dunkerque,"

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows ;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

15

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-  
smith !

J



So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows  
a drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in  
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung  
on the headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from  
5 the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly  
among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant  
clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and  
casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the  
10 soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps  
of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal  
commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's  
orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered  
his kindness



Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and  
my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must  
be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch :

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle  
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from  
this province

Be transported to other lands. / God grant\* you may  
dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !  
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's  
pleasure ! ”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the  
hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters  
his windows,

Hiding the sun and strewing the ground with thatch  
from the house roofs ;

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of  
the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and  
then rose

5

10

15



Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And by one impulse moved they madly rushed to the  
doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce  
imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads  
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and  
wildly he shouted:

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have  
sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes  
and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of  
a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth and dragged him down to  
the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of  
the altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
into silence



All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;  
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured  
and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the  
clock strikes.

" What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness  
has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and  
taught you, 5

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers  
and privations ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you  
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
hatred ? 10

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing  
upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
compassion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father,  
forgive them ! '

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked  
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive them ! ' " 15



Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of  
his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate  
outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father,  
forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed  
from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the  
people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the  
Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with  
devotion translated,

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to  
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,  
and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her  
right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,  
descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and  
roofed each



Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned  
its windows.

✓ Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on  
the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant  
with wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought  
from the dairy;

And at the head of the board the great armchair of the  
farmer.

5

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the  
sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial  
meadows.

Ah! on her spirit, within, a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
ascended —

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and  
patience!

10

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the vil-  
lage,

Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of  
the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they  
departed,

Urged by their household cares and the weary feet of  
their children.



Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering  
vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending  
from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline  
lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the  
5 windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by  
emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but  
no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave  
of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of  
her father.

Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the  
10 supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with  
phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her  
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate  
rain fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the  
window.



Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the  
echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven and governed the world  
he created!

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the  
fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
farmhouse.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, 5  
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian  
women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the  
seashore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and  
the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on  
the oxen, 10  
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments  
of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there  
on the sea beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.  
All day long between the shore and the ships did the  
boats ply;



All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the  
     churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden  
     the church doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in  
 5      gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and  
     their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary  
     and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and  
 10      their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and raising together  
     their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic missions:  
 " Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and  
     patience!"

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that  
 15      stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine  
     above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.



Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
affliction —

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession  
approached her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to  
meet him,

5

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,  
and whispered,

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused,  
for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his  
aspect!

10

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his  
eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in  
his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and  
embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort  
availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful  
procession.

15



There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of  
embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too  
late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.

5 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her  
father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,  
and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the reflux  
ocean

Fled away from the shore and left the line of the sand-  
beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery  
10 seaweed.

Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and  
the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.  
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing  
15 ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and  
leaving



Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the  
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from  
their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from  
their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars  
of the farmyard,

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand  
of the milkmaid. 5

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus  
sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights  
from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had  
been kindled,

Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks  
in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were  
gathered, 10

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying  
of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his  
parish,

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and  
cheering,



Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.  
 Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with  
     her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,  
 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought  
     or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have  
     been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to  
     cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked  
     not, he spake not,

But with a vacant stare ever gazed at the flickering firelight.  
 "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and  
     his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on  
     a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence  
     of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the  
     maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars, that above them  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and  
     sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in  
     silence.



Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the  
blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the  
horizon  
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain  
and meadow,  
Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows  
together.  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the  
village, 5  
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay  
in the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame  
were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quiv-  
ering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning  
thatch, and uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a  
hundred housetops 10  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-  
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore  
and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
anguish,



"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of  
Grand Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of  
cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs  
interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping  
5        encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed  
of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds  
and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed  
10        o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest  
and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened  
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent  
companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on  
the seashore



Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
Knelt at her father's side and wailed aloud in her terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank and lay with her head on his  
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ; 5  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a  
multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing  
upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes and looks of saddest compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces  
around her, 10

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering  
senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people :  
" Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of  
our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-  
yard." 15

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste  
by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,



But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of  
Grand Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of  
sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast  
congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea and mingled its roar with  
the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of  
the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the  
harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the  
village in ruins.



[Evangeline was separated from Gabriel in the confusion of embarking, and set out to find him. She followed him to Louisiana, to the Western plains, to Michigan, often meeting those who had seen him, and once finding his deserted lodge. Her life was spent in this search. During her later years she became a Sister of Mercy, and while nursing the sick she found her lover in an almshouse in Philadelphia. He was now old like herself, and dying of a fever. The thought of the poem is the power of faithful love.]



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Longfellow's life. 2. Describe briefly the situation which led to the expulsion of the Acadians. When did this occur? 3. Locate on a map Grand Pré, Minas Basin. 4. What feeling is expressed in the picture of the betrothal feast? What tells you the season of the year? 5. Note the alliteration in the first line. Note also the unusual meter of the poem. What other poem of Longfellow's have you read in the same meter? (The meter is called hexameter and is used in the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and other classic poems.) 6. Explain "vibrant." "Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres" (Tōō' lă Bōōrzhwă' dē Shārtr') and "Le Carillon de Dunkerque" (Lē Cār rē' yŏn dē Dŭn kĕrk') are old French songs. What is the effect of introducing these French names?

7. What does the sound of "sonorous," page 296, line 1, suggest? 8. Did the Acadians know what the proclamation was to be? Was there any excuse for it? 9. Explain the figure beginning with line 9, page 297. 10. What other figure is found on page 297? 11. Comment upon the speech of Father Felician. Explain "house of the Prince of Peace" (as the priest speaks the words in line 11, page 299, he points to a crucifix hanging in the church). 12. Explain the reference to "O Father, forgive them"; to Elijah. 13. What picture do you see in line 11, page 300? 14. Explain "emblazoned," "*ambrosial* meadows," giving origin of "*ambrosial*." 15. Explain the figure in line 9, page 301. What was the secret of Evangeline's popularity? 16. What is referred to in "like the Prophet descending from Sinai" (Exodus xxxiv, 29-35)? 17. What was the Angelus? 18. Explain "the gloomier grave of the living." 19. What did the thunder tell Evangeline?



20. What do you see in the picture in lines 3-11, page 303? From this what do you judge the Acadians were allowed to take with them? What does the mention of "some fragments of playthings" add to the feeling expressed in this description? 21. Define "wains," "Gaspereau." 22. Why were the men confined in the church? 23. Why did they sing as they came out? 24. Substitute a word for "spirits departed" in line 17, page 304. 25. What do you see of Evangeline's character in lines 1-14, page 305? 26. What were some of the causes of the confusion? (Remember that few of the English soldiers understood French, while most of the Acadians did not understand English.)

27. What do you see in the picture in lines 7, page 306-1, page 307? in 2-7, page 307? in the following lines to the end of page 308? 28. Explain "refluent ocean," "waifs of the tide," "a *leaguer* after a battle," "*retreated* the bellowing ocean." 29. Explain the reference to "shipwrecked Paul." 30. Discuss the figure in line 5, page 308. 31. What is meant by "Benedicite"? Explain the figure in lines 10-12, page 308. 32. What does the reference to the "silent stars" add to the description?

33. Explain the figure in lines 1-4, page 309. Explain "Titan-like," "its hundred hands" (one of the Greek giants was Briareus, who had a hundred hands). 34. What do you see in the picture beginning with line 5? Explain the figure "like the quivering hands of a martyr." Define "roadstead," "gleeds." 35. What do the crowing and other animal sounds add to the picture? What loss do they suggest? 36. Note the figure in lines 5-8, page 310, and compare with that in Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" (page 280). 37. What caused the death of Evangeline's father? Explain "without bell or book" (the book was that from which the service was read; the bell was tolled for the passing of the soul). Read all of "Evangeline."



## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807-1892

(For life of Whittier see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 310)

### SNOW-BOUND

[This poem describes the old home near Haverhill, Massachusetts, where Whittier was born and spent his boyhood. It shows how the life of a farmer's household may be transfigured by a poet's imagination. A true poet is a seer. He sees beauty in the common things of life and helps to open our eyes so that we too may see it. Whittier was influenced in this poem by Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and by Emerson's "The Snow Storm." The first nine lines of the last-named poem he placed at the head of "Snow-Bound," as his text. The following selection covers about the first third of "Snow-Bound."] 5

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky 15  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 20



A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snowstorm told,  
5 The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

10 Meanwhile we did our nightly chores —  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows:  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And sharply clashing horn on horn,  
15 Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
20 And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
25 As zigzag wavering to and fro



Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow :  
And ere the early bedtime came,  
The white drift piled the window frame,  
And through the glass the clothesline posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

5

So all night long the storm roared on :

The morning broke without a sun ;

In tiny spherule traced with lines

Of Nature's geometric signs,

In starry flake and pellicle

10

All day the hoary meteor fell ;

And when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,

On nothing we could call our own.

Around the glistening wonder bent

15

The blue walls of the firmament, ✓

No cloud above, no earth below —

A universe of sky and snow !

The old familiar sights of ours

Took marvelous shapes ; strange domes and towers

20

Rose up where sty or cornerib stood,

Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;

A smooth white mound the brush pile showed,

A fenceless drift what once was road ;

The bridle post an old man sat

25

With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;



The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

5       A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted : " Boys, a path ! "  
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy ?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;  
10       With mittened hands, and caps drawn low  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid  
15       With dazzling crystal : we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
20       We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
The cock his lusty greeting said,  
25       And forth his speckled harem led ;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,



And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot. ~

5

All day the gusty north wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before ;  
Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone,  
No church bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.

10

A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voicèd elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

15

Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.

20

We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,

25



And in our lonely life had grown  
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
5 The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney back —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
10 And on its top the stout backstick ;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
15 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flowerlike, into rosy bloom ;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
20 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;  
25 While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,



Whispered the old rime: "*Under the tree  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill range stood 5  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the somber green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black 10  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible. 15

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat 20  
The frost line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draft  
The great throat of the chimney laughed. 25  
The house dog, on his paws outspread,




Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And for the winter fireside meet,  
5 Between the andirons' straddling feet  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

10 What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray  
15 As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now —  
20 The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
25 Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,



We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn ;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er, 5  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor !  
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust  
(Since He who knows our need is just) 10  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees !  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day 15  
Across the mournful marbles play !  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own ! 20



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Whittier's life. 2. Explain the title "Snow-Bound." Where was the home described in it? 3. Like "Evangeline" the poem presents a series of pictures, but they are more closely related. Roughly, this selection contains eight such pictures. Find them and give a name to each.



4. Explain "darkly circled," "thickening sky," "a portent" etc., "sharpened face." 5. "The wind blew east" means blew *from* the east. What sound did it bring? What was the "strong pulse" of the ocean? 6. Explain "stanchion rows," "walnut bows." (The usual stanchion consists of two upright bars — one of them movable — between which the cow's neck is placed, thus allowing a free movement of the head up and down, but preventing the animal from withdrawing it. The older stanchion described here had but one upright, with a bow or yoke attached loosely to it, which encircled the cow's neck and could be moved up and down on the upright.) 7. Explain "scaffold's pole of birch" (in some barns the hay was supported on a scaffold of poles, over the stalls). 8. Explain "crested helmet," "querulous challenge" ("querulous" here means quarrelsome or warlike).

9. Define "spherule," "pellicle," "Nature's geometric signs," "hoary meteor," "firmament," "Pisa's leaning miracle" (the famous leaning tower at Pisa, Italy, is of white marble).

10. What are "buskins"? 11. Note in "cut the solid whiteness" the poetic form of using the name of a quality for the thing which possesses the quality. What word should you expect? 12. Explain the reference to Aladdin's cave and lamp. 13. Compare the scene in the barn with the former scene in the same place. Which is the better? 14. Explain "speckled harem," "hornèd patriarch of the sheep," "Egypt's Amun," "ghostly finger-tips of sleet." 15. What alliterative words on page 319? What words that convey the sense in the sound?

16. Explain "burst, flowerlike, into rosy bloom." 17. Explain lines 19-22, page 320. Why "*mimic* flame"? (Look out through a windowpane on a moonlight night when the room is lighted, and note the mingling of the outdoor images and indoor reflections.) 18. Describe a crane and trammels.



19. Note the picture of the moonlight on the snow, and tell how the hill range was "transfigured." 20. Why did the hemlocks seem "turned to pitchy black"? 21. Explain lines 12-15, page 321. 22. Note the contrast between the fireside picture and the moonlight picture that preceded. Which do you like the better? Why? 23. Explain "clean-winged" (a turkey wing was used to brush the hearth). 24. Explain "beat the frost line back with tropic heat." 25. Note the fine figure in "the great throat of the chimney laughed." What other examples of personification do you find in this fireside picture? 26. Why did the cat's silhouette look like a tiger's? 27. Define "meet" as used here.

28. Note the change of feeling in line 14, page 322. The poet's sadness is explained by the fact that his favorite sister Elizabeth, who had lived with him ever since the old home was broken up, had recently died. Compare these lines with the last stanza of "The Bells," which Poe wrote soon after his wife's death. What difference do you find, and what does it tell you of the two men? 29. To whom does the poet address his revery in line 18? 30. Explain "but in the sun they cast no shade" (they are no longer flesh but spirit). 31. Explain "conscious floor." Explain line 10, page 323 ("He" is the subject of "is just"). 32. Explain "who never sees the stars shine through his cypress trees." (The cypress was formerly used in graveyards. He who looks through his cypress trees to the stars shows his hope in heaven.) The "breaking day" is the dawn of eternal life; the "mournful marbles" are tombstones. 33. In what sense is Life lord of Death? 34. Why can Love never lose its own? 35. What lines in this selection do you think the finest? Memorize them.

Read the rest of "Snow-Bound," or as much of it as you enjoy.



# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891

(For life of Lowell see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 178)

## TWO SCENES FROM "SIR LAUNFAL"

["The Vision of Sir Launfal" is a dream which Lowell imagines came to a young knight. It was in June. All nature stimulated one to be abroad and to be doing something, and Sir Launfal determined to set forth on a quest for the Holy Grail.

5 In the midst of his preparations he had this vision:

It seemed that as he was passing out of the castle he saw at the gate a leper asking for alms. He looked at the poor man in disgust, threw him a piece of gold, and passed on.

Sir Launfal sought in vain for the Grail. He came back in old  
10 age, weary and disappointed; found his castle occupied and was driven from the gate. The leper was still there. No longer proud, Sir Launfal now sat down, divided with the man his last crust, and gave him water from a wooden bowl. Then the leper arose and in his place stood Jesus, saying, "Here is the Grail  
15 — this cup, which thou didst fill for me." Sir Launfal had found the Grail — at his own castle gate — because he had treated the poorest of mankind as a friend and brother.

The two following selections are preludes to the two parts of the poem. The first, describing a day in June, gives the feeling  
20 of youth and joy and introduces the scene in which Sir Launfal sets forth; the second, describing winter, represents age and sorrow and precedes the scene of Sir Launfal's return.]



## I. — A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,

5

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;  
The flush of life may well be seen

10

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace ;

15

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

20



Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

5 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

10 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear

That dandelions are blossoming near,

15 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

20 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;

25 Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;



'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —

'T is the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ; 5

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes of the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth, 10

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

## II — WINTER

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,

From the snow five thousand summers old ;

On open wold and hilltop bleak

It had gathered all the cold, 15

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;

It carried a shiver everywhere

From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare ;

The little brook heard it and built a roof

'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ; 20

All night by the white stars' frosty gleams

He groined his arches and matched his beams ;

Slender and clear were his crystal spars

As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;

He sculptured every summer delight 25



In his halls and chambers out of sight ;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
5 Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;  
10 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here  
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,  
15 And made a star of every one :  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter palace of ice ;  
'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
20 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,  
25 The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter



With lightsome green of ivy and holly;  
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
 Wallows the Yule log's roaring tide;  
 The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
     And belly and tug as a flag in the wind; 5  
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
     Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
     Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks 10  
     Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,  
     And rattles and wrings  
     The icy strings, 15  
 Singing, in dreary monotone,  
 A Christmas carol of its own,  
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
 Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"  
 The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch 20  
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
     The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,  
     Through the window slits of the castle old,  
 Build out its piers of ruddy light 25  
     Against the drift of the cold.



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Lowell's life. 2. Tell the story of "Sir Launfal." 3. Why is the description of a June day used as the prelude to the first part? 4. Define "rare" as here used. 5. Explain the figure in "tries earth if it be in tune" (the violinist bending his ear over his instrument). 6. What are some of the signs of life that we see or hear in June? Note that even the clod is here personified. Explain this metaphor. 7. Explain and note the appropriateness of the figures "catches the sun in its chalice," "to be some happy creature's palace," "atilt like a blossom," "illumined being," "deluge of summer," "heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings." 8. Note the correct use of "nice" in line 24, page 327. Substitute another word for it. Is your word as good?

9. Explain the figure in "high tide of the year." What other words carry out the same figure? Note the sense of fullness and largeness. 10. What effect has a beautiful day upon the feelings? In what lines is this expressed? 11. What do the clouds symbolize (line 4, page 329)? 12. Explain "*unscarred* heaven," "sulphurous rifts" (the crater of a volcano is scarred with cracks or rifts, through which melted sulphur bubbles).

13. Why is a winter scene introduced as the prelude to the description of Sir Launfal's return? 14. Why is the snow on the mountain peak called "five thousand summers old"? Why not winters? Define "wold." 15. Note the beauty of this description of the brook in winter and compare it with the June day. Which do you like the better? Why? Compare this brook with the brook in "Snow-Bound." 16. Describe the roof which the brook built. Explain "groined his arches and



matched his beams." 17. Describe the "crystal spars" as you have seen them in partly frozen water. 18. Is the simile in lines 23, 24, page 329, a good one? Give reasons. 19. Explain line 25. Note the effect of the word "tinkling." 20. Explain "frost-leaved forest-crypt," "long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees." (Note that the grasses are caught and imprisoned in the ice. Note, too, that the poet is describing a scene in miniature.) 21. Explain "bending to counterfeit a breeze." (What would the current of the brook do to the grasses before they were frozen?) 22. Explain "fretwork," "arabesques of ice-fern leaf." 23. Explain the figure beginning in line 18, page 330. Is it a metaphor or a simile?

24. What is there to relieve the coldness of the winter picture? Note how Whittier in "Snow-Bound" employs the same contrast. What does the thought of Christmas add to this picture? Define "corbel," "rafter." Explain "sprouting," "Yule log." 25. Note the figure in "flame-pennons." What other words carry out the same idea? Explain the figure in lines 6, 7, page 331; in lines 8-11. Note the wealth of figurative language throughout this poem. 26. Discuss the figure in line 13. 27. Notice the comparison of the seneschal's voice to a flaring torch. What does that mean to you? 28. What effect does the sight of the bright castle windows have upon Sir Launfal? 29. Explain the last four lines.

30. Think of these two selections as contrasted pictures. Which has the more beauty? Which has the more thought? 31. Find examples of alliteration; of the use of words expressing the sound which they represent. 32. Memorize from the beginning to line 23, page 328; line 12, page 329, to line 23, page 330.

Read the entire poem; also "The Heritage" and "The Dandelion."



# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894

(For life of Holmes see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 216)

## THE LAST LEAF

[Dr. Holmes says in a note to "The Last Leaf" in the authorized edition of his Complete Poems:

This poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party  
5 who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine, monumental specimen, in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him meant no disrespect to an honored fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date but whose patriotism never  
10 changed with years.

The man was Major Thomas Melville. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in his reminiscences, also speaks of having seen him. In reading the poem note how pathos and humor are mingled.]

15 I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.



They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

5

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

10

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

15

My grandmamma has said —  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago —  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

20



But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
5     And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here ;  
10     But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
15     Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Holmes's life. 2. Note that this poem begins very simply, as if the poet were talking. He says this is the second time he has seen the old man. What single verb in the first stanza gives you a picture of the man? 3. Explain the figure in "the pruning knife of Time cut him down." 4. Who was "the Crier," and what was his "round"? 5. Note



that the third stanza is contrasted with the second. What touch of pathos do you find in the third stanza? To whom does "they" refer in line 12?

6. Explain the fourth stanza. Where does Whittier use "marbles" in the same sense? 7. Explain "in their bloom." Note the pathetic beauty of this stanza. 8. What change of feeling is there in the fifth stanza, and what words indicate it? 9. Explain "cheek was like a *rose* in the *snow*." 10. Explain the spirit in which the poet smiles at the old man. What else does he feel behind the smile? 11. Find examples of humor in this poem; examples of pathos. Do the two often go together? Is it easy to pass from one to the other as Holmes does in this poem? 12. Explain the metaphor in the title and in the last stanza.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

[The chambered nautilus is a small marine animal found in the southern oceans. Its shell is from four to six inches in diameter and from without looks somewhat like a very large snail shell with an expanded mouth. Within, it is peculiar in being divided crosswise into a series of chambers, each larger than 5 the one behind it. The animal at first occupies a very small shell. As it grows, it emerges and makes a partition behind it, leaving only a tiny hole in the center, through which runs a cord from its body. It now builds for itself a new shell covering. When it outgrows this second chamber, it advances again, 10 making a new chamber, and so continues until it has completed its growth. The original shell is now only a small chamber in the very center of the finished shell.

As the shells are sometimes found afloat, it was once supposed that the animal could sail and that it extended its 15



tentacles to catch the breeze. This gave rise to the name *nautilus*, meaning a sailor. We have now learned, however, that the animal propels itself beneath the surface by taking in and ejecting the sea water, and that the floating shells are empty.

- 5 The inside of the nautilus shell is coated with iridescent pearl. The poet, as he writes, is supposed to have an empty shell before him, which has been cut open to show the chambers.

This poem first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1858, as a part of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Dr. Holmes  
10 regarded it as his best work.]

- This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
15 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
- Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
20 And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
- 25 Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;



Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more. 5

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn ! 10

While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
sings:  
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past ! 15

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. From what book is this poem taken ? 2. Explain the name "Chambered Nautilus." 3. Describe the growth of the nautilus. *First stanza. The nautilus as described by the poets.* 4. Explain "ship of pearl," "poets feign," "unshadowed main" (open sea),



"purpled wings," "in gulfs *enchanted*." (Note that this poetic conception of the nautilus harmonizes with the idea of fairy-land.) 5. What were the sirens? 6. Is there any significance in introducing coral reefs in connection with the nautilus? (How are coral reefs made?) 7. What are the "cold sea-maids"?

*Second stanza. The empty, broken shell.* 8. Explain "webs of living gauze," "wrecked," "dreaming life," "irised ceiling" (give the derivation of "irised"), "sunless crypt." 9. Explain how the ceiling is rent and the crypt unsealed (the shell cut in two is lying before the poet).

*Third stanza. The life and growth of the nautilus.* 10. Explain the first two lines. What was the "lustrous coil"? 11. Note the beauty of the line "Stole with soft step its shining arch-way through." What is there in the words that helps to make it beautiful? 12. What is the significance of "idle door"? of "stretched"? 13. Put into other words "knew the old no more."

*Fourth stanza. The nautilus brings a message.* 14. What is the "heavenly message"? 15. Explain the figures in "cast from her lap, forlorn," "dead lips." 16. Explain the allusion to Triton and his horn. 17. Whose voice is it that the poet seems to hear?

*Fifth stanza. The message.* 18. Explain this stanza (the comparison between the nautilus and the human soul; the growth of the soul; its aspiration). 19. Explain "more stately mansions," "low-vaulted past," "each new temple" (why *temple*?), "shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast," "till thou at length art free." 20. What is symbolized by the "outgrown shell"? Explain "life's unresting sea." 21. Memorize the poem.

Read also Tennyson's "The Shell" and Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine."

Other readings from Holmes: "The Pilgrim's Vision," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "My Hunt after the Captain."



## TRUTH

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table")

When we are as yet small children there comes to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold — TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath 5 with a dark crimson flush above where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would 10 have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants 15 them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. . . .

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Why is truth like a cube, and a lie like a sphere?
2. What is the significance of "veined and streaked"? 3. What is meant by the angel holding out both cubes and spheres to us when we are children? Why not when we are grown up?



## JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814-1877

Between Prescott and Motley, the next of our great historians, was a gap of eighteen years. In some respects the two men were much alike. Both were Bostonians, of good family, well-to-do, and with every advantage of cultured homes and a thorough education. But while Prescott had to fight all his life to overcome the handicap of blindness, Motley found everything fitted to his hand. He might easily have spent his life in idleness, but he was not the sort of man to waste the opportunities that had been given to him, and he therefore holds at the present time an honored place among American authors.

Motley was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, in 1814, the last year of our second war with England. As a boy he showed a manly spirit and a kind heart, and throughout his life was a perfect type of gentleman. He read books eagerly, but was particularly fond of the novels of Scott and Cooper. His preparation for college was gained at a private school in Northampton, Massachusetts, from which he entered Harvard at thirteen, already proficient in the languages and with a school reputation as a writer and speaker. At Harvard he stood near the head of his class and at seventeen graduated with honor. Then he studied





*John Lothrop Motley*



two years at universities in Germany, where he was a classmate and friend of the famous Bismarck. He studied law in Boston, married at twenty-three, spent a year as a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and at twenty-  
5 seven was appointed secretary to the American legation at St. Petersburg (now Petrograd). On account of ill health he was soon obliged to return to this country, but as a result of his St. Petersburg experience he published a brilliant essay on "Peter the Great," which attracted wide attention  
10 and which decided him to devote his life to literature.


He began his literary work with two novels, neither of which was successful. Then, becoming interested in the story of Holland and her struggle for liberty, he determined to write a book upon it, giving to it all the accu-  
15 racy of history and at the same time the charm of vivid description and dramatic narrative. He now realized that his life work was marked out. For several years he studied and read all that he could find upon the history of the Netherlands; then he began to write. When he  
20 had nearly finished his first volume he began to see that he was not accomplishing what he set out to do. He felt that he had not reached the bottom of his subject and that he could not sit in his library in Boston and write satisfactorily of a land so far away. So he took his family to  
25 Holland and spent several more years there and in neighboring European countries, reading all the old books and manuscripts upon his subject that he could find in the



great libraries. He acquired infinite patience—the first virtue of a historian. Having at last mastered his subject, he destroyed all that he had written, began again, and after ten years of labor completed his first great work, “The Rise of the Dutch Republic.” He could not find a publisher 5 for it until he had agreed to pay the cost of publication; then it was brought out and at once made him famous.

Motley’s second work was a continuation of the first. It was the “History of the United Netherlands,” two volumes of which appeared in 1860 and two more in 1868. 10 While Motley was at work upon this book he was introduced to President Lincoln. Lincoln was pleased with his good sense, his charming manners, his scholarship, and his brilliant conversation. “This is the type of man,” said Lincoln, “who should represent us abroad,” and he made 15 him minister to Austria. Motley was recalled by Johnson and a few years later was sent by Grant to London as our minister to England. Owing to some political disagreement he was later recalled from England, but not until he had made a brilliant record and a host of English friends. 20

His last work, still a continuation of his former histories, was “The Life and Death of John of Barneveld,” a history of the religious struggles of the Dutch. This was published in two volumes, in 1874. He planned a fourth book, which should trace the history of the Netherlands 25 through the Thirty Years’ War, but he did not live to carry out his plan.





## THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

[The following selection is from Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." The Netherlands in the sixteenth century occupied nearly the territory now covered by Holland and Belgium. When Philip the Second ascended the throne, they  
5 were but a part of his great realm, which included also Spain and a large portion of Italy. Philip lived in Spain and cared little for his Dutch subjects except to persecute them and collect his revenues. His tyranny at length became so unbearable that the Netherlands revolted, under the leadership of William  
10 Prince of Orange, called "the Silent." It was an unequal struggle, for the Spanish army was well-equipped and powerful, but the Dutch were fighting for liberty and that gave them strength. Leyden, then one of the principal Dutch cities, had in 1574 been besieged for about a year by the Spaniards, and had been starved  
15 almost to the point of surrender, when William conceived the idea of breaking down the dikes, flooding the country from the sea, and thus driving away the besiegers. With this done, he was ready to send across the submerged lands a fleet of small flat-bottomed boats carrying provisions and aid to the besieged  
20 city. The plans were well laid and partly carried out, when, owing to a sudden change in the wind, the sea was blown back, leaving a depth of only about nine inches over the fields, and stranding part of the Dutch relief boats, which needed nearly twice that depth of water to float them. The Spaniards, seeing their foes thus paralyzed, took possession of the dikes and  
25 roads surrounding Leyden and awaited developments. Admiral Boisot, the commander of the Dutch flotilla, was in despair, when suddenly the wind again changed.]



A violent equinoctial gale on the night between the first and second of October came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes. 5

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa instead of nine inches had more than two feet of water. 10 No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed 15 toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle — a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the con- 20 tending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into 25 the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As



they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and  
5 Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing  
10 patriots had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in  
15 the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a  
20 polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their  
25 escape to The Hague. ✓

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the



whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long-expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind.

Meantime the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist.

"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen — "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?"



"We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the  
5 operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different  
10 moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights, issuing from the fort, was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The  
15 horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and  
20 the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly  
25 a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit



of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved.



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Motley's life. 2. Why was Leyden besieged? Tell what you can of the events which preceded the siege. 3. Who was the William of Orange mentioned in this story? (Distinguish between this William, "the Silent," and the William of Orange who became king of England in 1689.)

4. Explain "equinoctial gale," "eight points." 5. What would be the effect of a strong wind blowing across the North Sea toward the coast of Holland? 6. Describe the cutting of the dikes (it was not a single dike, but the series of dikes between Leyden and the sea). Locate Leyden on a map. 7. What was the Kirkway? (See Vocabulary.) 8. Who was Boisot? 9. Note the vividness of this picture — the midnight encounter, the flash of the cannon, "the black waste of waters," the battle among the tree tops. 10. Who were the Zeelanders? (Find Zeeland on your map.) 11. Who was the "rebel admiral," and why *rebel*? What were the "enemy's vessels" mentioned in line 25, page 347? 12. Explain "great mere," "light flotilla," "corsairs," "armada." 13. Locate The Hague (the road probably ran west from Leyden and then southwest). 14. Explain the figure in "to founder," page 349, line 6. Explain "long-expecting and expected haven," "respectful distance."

15. How was the dove used to carry Boisot's message? 16. Note the vividness of this second night picture. What was the "long procession of lights"? 17. What probably caused the fall of a portion of the city wall? 18. Who was Valdez? (See Vocabulary.) Locate Leyderdorp.

Other readings from Motley: The Abdication of Charles V and the Fall of Antwerp, from "The Rise of the Dutch Republic"; The Visit of Drake, from the "United Netherlands."



## WALT WHITMAN

1819-1892

It was in a little frame house just off the highway, near Huntington, Long Island, that Whitman was born, in 1819. His father was a carpenter—a strong man and a good workman, but not very prosperous. His mother was of Dutch descent, good-natured, simple, and domestic. 5 Walt was the second child. He is said to have been a sturdy, fair-skinned youngster, with hair as black as coal, and with wide blue-gray eyes that were always looking at something. He loved birds and flowers. In his poem about himself he says: 10

The early lilacs became part of this child,  
And grass, and white and red morning glories, and white and  
red clover,  
And the song of the phœbe-bird.

When he was but four years old the family moved to Brooklyn and lived in various unattractive houses, seldom 15 staying long in one place. Walt seems to have spent most of his earlier years wandering away from town and roaming through the woods and meadows, often taking long jaunts along the ocean side, digging clams in summer, and in winter spearing eels through the ice. 20



He went to school irregularly until he was thirteen; then "went to work." He found a job as errand boy, his employer gave him a ticket to a circulating library, and there he made practically his first acquaintance with  
5 literature, reading with great delight "The Arabian Nights" and all Scott's novels. At fifteen he was setting type in a newspaper office; at eighteen he was teaching school at Flushing; at twenty he had started a small weekly paper at Huntington, his native village, serving  
10 as editor, compositor, pressman, and delivery boy.

The paper gave him experience but not much else. After a year or two he secured a position as editor of a small daily in New York, writing at the same time stories and sketches for a literary journal called *The Democratic*  
15 *Review*, which included among its contributors Poe, Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. From New York he went South, edited a paper in New Orleans for a time, and returned by way of the Mississippi, the Great Lakes, and Canada.

20 The year 1855 saw the publication of his first book, "Leaves of Grass," a poem, or group of poems, different from any poetry that had then been written. Not being able to find a publisher, he set up the type himself and printed it in a job office in Brooklyn. Some said it was  
25 not poetry at all; others said there were grains of poetry in it, but it was mostly prose in verse form; still others could make nothing of it. Emerson praised it for its





Walt Whitman



freedom; Whittier threw his copy into the fire. The book did not sell, and except by a very few independent thinkers, Whitman was regarded as a joke.

In 1861 the Civil War came on. Whitman's brother  
5 George was one of the first to enlist. Then came news that George was wounded on one of the Virginia battle-fields. Walt went to the front and found his brother convalescent, but was inexpressibly touched at the sight of the thousands who were dying in the hospitals for want  
10 of proper care. Here seemed to him a clear duty; here was a chance to serve his country by saving rather than by taking life. He stayed in Washington as a volunteer nurse, without pay, supporting himself by copying government papers a few hours a day, living in the attic of  
15 a shabby tenement, and saving every cent he could to buy fruit and delicacies for the wounded. The doctors told him he was overworking, but he laughed at them. Yet, after about a year of this constant strain his health broke down, and he was never again a well man.

20 Having obtained a small clerkship in one of the government offices, he remained in Washington for more than ten years, employing his leisure in writing. His second book of poems, "Drum Taps," and his essay "Democratic Vistas," belong to this period. He had good friends  
25 around him — one of whom was John Burroughs, then also a government clerk — but the public did not understand him and fame came slowly.



One night, after he had been reading late, he was stricken with paralysis. The attack was not severe, and he rallied from it, but it was clear that his active life was over. He went to Camden, New Jersey, just across the river from Philadelphia, where his mother and his brother 5 George were living, and there, in the old sailors' phrase, he "laid up" for the rest of his life, a period which stretched out into nearly twenty years. A few summers in the country helped him partially to regain his strength. Then, wishing to be independent, he bought a home with 10 the small income from his books. It was an ugly house, on an ugly street, with locomotives puffing and freight trains rumbling a block away, and the houses crowded forward to the sidewalks as if they were afraid a little grass might grow between. 15

But Whitman was as contented as if he were living in a palace. His fame had been growing, he was beginning to be understood, and now some of the best and wisest men of the times came to visit him. They came because they felt that this great, simple, independent man had 20 something to tell them that others did not know. In a talk with one of his visitors he said, "I like the folks, the plain, ignorant, unpretentious folks . . . and I like the babies, and I like the youngsters that play in the alley and make mud pies on my steps." 25

That was Walt Whitman. He liked the *folks*, and he put on no style. He was an honest, true-hearted man.

✓



## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[This poem was written just after the assassination of Lincoln. The poet thinks of the Union as the "Ship of State," that has weathered the war but lost its captain.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought  
5 is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and  
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,  
10 Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells!  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores  
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces  
15 turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.



My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still ;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed  
and done ;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;  
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !

5

But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Whitman's life. 2. What was this poem written to commemorate? What is referred to in "Captain," "fearful trip," "the ship," "weathered every rack"? What was the "prize" that had been won? What is the natural order of words in "follow eyes the steady keel"? 3. In the line "O heart! heart! heart!" what is expressed? Could it have been so well expressed by any statement of fact? 4. Note in the second stanza the fine picture of a rejoicing multitude. For whom do they call, and why? 5. Why is the form of address changed from "Captain" to "father"? 6. Explain "It is some dream." 7. Why should the shores exult and the bells ring? 8. What lines show to you most keenly the poet's personal grief? 9. Memorize the poem.

Other tributes to Lincoln are the addresses by Beecher, Lowell, and Ingersoll, and poems by Bryant, Maurice Thompson, Tom Taylor, Stedman, S. Weir Mitchell, Sill, Markham, Stoddard, Piatt, and Brownell, also Lowell's reference in the "Commemoration Ode."



## THE BIRD SONG

[This selection, from "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," is an example of Whitman's verse at its best. It has no rhyme nor regularity, yet there is unmistakable rhythm and musical cadence. The freedom from all regular poetic form has given  
5 to it the name "*free verse*." Note the vivid pictures and the beauty and pathos of it. It is a poem for every lover of birds and nature.]

When the lilac scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass  
was growing,  
Up this seashore in some briers,  
10 Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,  
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with  
brown,  
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,  
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent,  
with bright eyes,  
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never  
disturbing them,  
15 Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!  
Pour down your warmth, great sun!  
While we bask, we two together.  
Two together!  
20 Winds blow south, or winds blow north,



Day come white, or night come black,  
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,  
Singing all time, minding no time,  
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden, 5  
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,  
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,  
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,  
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea, 10  
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,  
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,  
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,  
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,  
The solitary guest from Alabama. 15


Blow ! blow ! blow !  
Blow up sea winds along Paumanok's shore ;  
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,  
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake, 20  
Down almost amid the slapping waves,  
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,  
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.



For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,  
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with the  
    shadows,  
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds  
    and sights after their sorts,  
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,  
5 I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,  
Listened long and long.



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell in your own words the story in this selection. 2. What can you say of the verse? 3. Have you ever seen any other examples of "free verse"? If so, where? Compare it with Ruskin's prose, in "The Grass," page 167. What differences do you find? 4. Explain "Fifth-month." 5. Memorize the bird's song. ("Home, or rivers and mountains from home," means that it doesn't matter whether we are at home, or whether rivers and mountains lie between us and home, so long as we two are together.) 6. What lines are included in the second song of the bird? Explain "Paumanok" (see Vocabulary). 7. What feelings are expressed in the two songs of the bird? 8. Why did Whitman, of all men, know the meaning of the bird's song? 9. Explain the figure "the white arms out in the breakers." 10. What do you learn from this poem regarding Whitman's childhood?

Other readings from Whitman: "Pioneers," "Night on the Prairies," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "An Old Man's Thought of School," "I hear America Singing," "On the Beach at Night," and "A Noiseless, Patient Spider."



## FRANCIS PARKMAN

1823-1893

In the life of Prescott you have read how a man with failing vision, but with a stout heart, determined to make the most of what he had and to write a great history that should not die. About a quarter of a century after Prescott, another youth grew up in Boston who did precisely the same thing. Change the names and dates and some of the details, and the story of one of these men's lives will almost fit the other.

Parkman was the son of a distinguished Boston clergyman. Not being very strong as a boy, he was sent to live with his grandfather on a farm not far from Medford. He went to school in the village but spent most of his time in the woods, living as much like an Indian as possible. Indeed, the Indian life had for him a fascination that he never outgrew.

15

After four years on the Medford farm, he returned home and continued his studies at a private school in Boston. Here he became interested in chemistry, and spent his spare hours making noxious gases and trying experiments, which on several occasions narrowly failed of blowing him to pieces. He also read poetry and amused himself by putting into verse parts of Scott's "Ivanhoe."



At seventeen he entered Harvard. By this time he had outgrown his passion for chemistry and was deeply interested in history. The lure of the woods also came back to him, and he spent his vacations tramping through the  
5 White Mountains or paddling a canoe on Lake Champlain, noting carefully all historic localities.

During his sophomore year he determined to write a history of the "Old French War," ending in the conquest of Canada, but later he enlarged his plan to include the  
10 whole of the conflict between France and England in America. This determination soon became the leading motive of his life.

The intensity with which he entered upon everything that he did made even his vacation trips a tax upon his  
15 strength. During his senior year at Harvard his health broke down. He went to Europe, spent a few months in travel, returned somewhat improved, and graduated with his class. Then, to please his father, who did not sympathize with his literary aims, he studied law, but  
20 he spent his leisure reading history.

It was now that Parkman's sight began to fail. With the threefold purpose of resting his eyes, building up his health, and becoming acquainted at first hand with Indian character and life, he made a journey to the Black Hills  
25 and lived for a time among the Dakotahs. If he had been more moderate, the journey would probably have done him good, but he could never do a thing by halves,






*Francis Parkman*



and consequently he came home worn out and almost blind. After a short rest he began to write, using a frame like Prescott's, by means of which he could work with bandaged eyes. His first book was "The Oregon Trail,"  
5 an account of his journey across the plains. Then followed "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," which in point of time stands at the end of his series, but which he wrote first because he had the materials at hand and was fresh from his experiences of Indian life.

10 Thus Parkman labored on for more than forty years. There was never a day of all those years when he was well. At times he was obliged for months to stop entirely; at other times he could work but five or ten minutes, when he would be seized with a strange confusion of  
15 thought that made further writing impossible. But when this had passed, he would go to work again. Much of his writing was done in this way, a few minutes at a time; but he never thought of giving up; that was the farthest from his plan. With soldierlike courage he kept at it,  
20 until he had produced eight wonderful works, covering one of the most interesting periods in American history.

These books include "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "The Old Régime in  
25 Canada," "Count Frontenac," "A Half Century of Conflict," "Montcalm and Wolfe," and "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."





## THE BUFFALO


[This selection from "The Oregon Trail" describes an incident in Parkman's journey over the plains in 1846. Shaw was a college friend who accompanied Parkman. Henry Chatillon, a French Canadian, was their guide.]

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roam- 5  
ing the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but  
there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the  
monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled  
our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set  
out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. 10

At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls.  
Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while  
the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below.  
Making a circuit, to keep out of sight, we rode towards  
them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, 15  
beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly  
screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the  
ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle girths, examined  
our pistols, and mounting again, rode over the hill and  
descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our 20  
horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on  
the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and  
the whole got into motion, shouldering each other along at  
a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full  
speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling 25



in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the  
5 utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran  
10 like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed,  
15 offered no very attractive spectacle, with their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain  
20 to bring him alongside, I fired. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right, at a  
25 leisurely gallop; and in front the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect, and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.





At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had 5 all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and 10 left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close 15 with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up 20 abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do; he slackened his gallop, and turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for 25 a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly



unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol and fired after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then I drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's  
5 nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. I looked about for some indications to show me where I was and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean.  
10 How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged con-  
15 siderably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared,  
20 nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost, and reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed  
25 (if that term is applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them



in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a 5 solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the 10 pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop 15 heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie, as swiftly as a 20 race horse. Squalid, ruffianlike wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, 25 whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not fastidious in their choice of



companions ; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The  
5 prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen ; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape  
10 amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed ; only a wolf or two glided by at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to  
15 observe minutely the objects around me ; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head ; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic luster, were crawling  
20 upon plants that I had never seen before ; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path, before I saw, from the ridge of a sand hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening  
25 in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was



visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long, swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of Parkman's life. In what respects was it like that of another American historian? 2. Where did the events of this story occur? 3. What is the more correct name for the animal here called the buffalo? Describe the animal and tell something of its habits. What is its present condition? 4. Define "misanthropic." Why is the word suitable here? 5. What are "holsters"? 6. Describe the prairie dog. 7. Explain "like conscious felons."

8. Note the series of pictures: (*a*) the start; (*b*) the attack upon the herd; (*c*) the running away of Pontiac; (*d*) chasing the stragglers; (*e*) the charge of the bull; (*f*) lost on the plains (note especially the animal life); (*g*) the discovery of the river; (*h*) the coming of the wagons and the two horsemen.

The best books with which to begin the reading of Parkman are "The Oregon Trail" and "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."



## SIDNEY LANIER

1842-1881

(For life of Lanier see Literary Readers, Book Five, page 278)

### A VOYAGE ON A FLORIDA RIVER

[This description is from Lanier's "Florida: its Scenery, Climate, and History," published in 1875.]

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat *Marion* — a steamboat which  
5 is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back — had started from Pilatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe,  
10 unless words were themselves May mornings, we had made the twenty-five miles up the St. Johns, to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream.

The Ocklawaha is the sweetest water lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than a hundred and fifty miles  
15 of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and bays and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine growths, a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.



As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs. Dick, the poleman, lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not and spoke not; 5 the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water turkey were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really, after all, no monster, but only 10 some daydream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch. The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water turkey," he said gently. 15

The water turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird, he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances, and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange 20 nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. 25 Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was



drowned — when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, 5 twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the south, with a violence of involution and a contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation — for 10 a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water snake!

✓ Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of 15 good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heartbreaking for the pure beauty of it. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; 20 he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily petals; and the green disks of the lily pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, 25 and his one housemaid — the stream — forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories, there under the glass of that water, are ever and without labor filled with the



enchantments of strange underwater growths. Upon his house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for 5 that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also — a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers 10 and water leaves. The tall, blue flags, the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water grasses — all these border the river in infinite varieties.

And then, after this day of glory, came a night of 11 glory. The stream, which had been all day a baldrick of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine knots on top of the pilot house. The white columns of the cypress 20 trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green and white of the lilies along the edges of the stream — these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again.

And now it is bedtime. Let me tell you how to sleep 25 on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of



your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that incloses the lower part of the deck, in front and to the left of the pilot house. Lie flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head  
 5 in consideration of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer, and fall asleep with a star looking right down your eye. When you awake in the morning, you will feel as new as Adam.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give an outline of Lanier's life. 2. Locate on a map the scene of this journey. 3. Define "avocations," "involution," "contortionary," "asphyxiation," "saurian," "ineffable," "baldric." 4. "With such subordinate rights," etc. is a legal phrase. What is the effect of using it here? 5. Select the best figures of speech; the pictures that interest you most.

### DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

[This is part of the "Centennial Cantata," written by Lanier  
 10 for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876.]

Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
 Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
 Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
 Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
 15 Long as thy God is God above,  
 Thy brother every man below,  
 So long, dear Land of all my love,  
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!



## EDWARD EVERETT HALE

1822-1909

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was one of the most distinguished Americans of his generation. He was of the same stock as Nathan Hale the patriot spy, was born in Boston in 1822, graduated from Harvard in 1839, was pastor of a Boston church for many years, and was prominently connected with important reforms and philanthropic works of many kinds. He wrote and edited a large number of books during his lifetime, the best known of his original works being the stories, "The Man without a Country," "In His Name," and "My Double and how he Undid 10 me." He originated the well-known motto, "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand."

### PHILIP NOLAN ACTS AS INTERPRETER

[According to Dr. Hale's story, which, as he repeatedly asserted, had no historical foundation, Philip Nolan was a young 15 naval officer who was court-martialed for some supposed connection with Burr's plots in 1807. In a rage at the court Nolan cursed the United States, declaring that he wished he might never hear the name again. The court decreed that his wish should be gratified. He was transferred to an outward-bound 20 man-of-war, and when the ship was about to return,



he was transferred to another vessel bound for foreign ports. This practice was continued throughout Nolan's life. He was not only never allowed to go home but was never allowed to receive news from home, and was not even permitted to read  
5 a book or newspaper in which the name of the United States was mentioned. One incident of his punishment is described in the following extract.]

I first came to understand anything about the "man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty  
10 little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished  
15 we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the  
20 language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were  
25 not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off and



for convenience' sake was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were most of them out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect from the 5 Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"Is there anybody who can make these wretches under- 10 stand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English." 15

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell 20 them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish" — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could under- 25 stand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of the fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's



feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

“Tell them,” said Vaughan, well pleased, “that I will  
5 take them all to Cape Palmas.”

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters,  
10 as we could understand, instantly said, “Ah, non Palmas!” and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan’s white fore-  
15 head as he hushed the men down and said:

“He says, ‘Not Palmas.’ He says, ‘Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.’ He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do  
20 not see him... And this one says he left his people all sick and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says,”  
25 choked out Nolan, “that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon.”



Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes 5 themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said: "Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through 10 the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs. But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down 15 into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets, and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a 20 bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk 25 about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it,



when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, 5 though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to 10 do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country herself — your Country — and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a brief sketch of Dr. Hale. 2. Give an outline of the story from which this extract is taken. 3. Who is supposed to be telling the story? 4. Why did the United States vessel on which Nolan was stationed at this time attack the schooner with slaves on board? (The capture and exportation of slaves from Africa was illegal.) 5. Explain "patois," "the Parisian of Beledeljereed" (the northern shore of Africa had many French colonists), "Kroomen," "*deus ex machina*," "bar-racoon" (see Vocabulary). Locate Fernando Po, Cape Palmas. 6. Explain the effect that the complaints of the negroes had upon Nolan. 7. Discuss Nolan's speech.

Read "The Man without a Country" and "In His Name."



# READINGS FROM THREE WORLD CLASSICS

## THE BIBLE

In the various books which make up the Bible we find various kinds of literature; histories in Kings and Chronicles, lyric poetry in the Psalms, philosophy or wisdom literature in the Proverbs, familiar letters in the Epistles, and other kinds in other places. The poetry of 5 the Bible, like all Hebrew poetry, has neither rime nor meter, though it seems to have a sort of rhythm, the laws of which are not fully understood. It is distinguished from prose, however, by having its clauses or sentences in pairs—or sometimes in triplets—the latter clause or 10 sentence repeating the thought of the first, or giving an opposite or contrasting thought, or expanding it.

What is man that thou art mindful of him?

And the son of man that thou visitest him?

A wise son maketh a glad father,

15

But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

Older editions of the Bible do not show the difference between the poetry and the prose, but later editions print the poetry in verse form. Both prose and poetry abound in figures and are strong, concise, and vivid. 20



## BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

[Psalm One Hundred and Three, which begins with these words, is perhaps the most beautiful expression of faith, trust, and thanksgiving which we have in all literature. In reading it, note that it consists of five distinct stanzas: the first mentioning  
5 God's blessings upon the person who is reciting the psalm; the second, his goodness toward the world in general; the third and fourth, his tenderness toward frail humanity; the fifth, his universal kingdom, ending with a call to all creation to join in praising him.]

10 Bless the Lord, O my soul;

And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,

And forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;

15 Who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender  
mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;

So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

20 The Lord executeth righteousness,

And judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses,

His acts unto the children of Israel.



The Lord is merciful and gracious,  
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.  
He will not always chide;  
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.  
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,  
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

5

For as the heaven is high above the earth,  
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.  
Like as a father pitieth his children,  
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.  
For he knoweth our frame;  
He remembereth that we are dust.

15

As for man, his days are as grass;  
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.  
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;  
And the place thereof shall know it no more.  
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,  
And his righteousness unto children's children;  
To such as keep his covenant,  
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.

20



The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;  
And his kingdom ruleth over all.  
Bless the Lord, ye, his angels,  
That excel in strength,  
5 That do his commandments,  
Hearkening unto the voice of his word.  
Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts;  
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.  
Bless the Lord, all his works,  
10 In all places of his dominion:  
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What distinguishes Hebrew poetry from prose? 2. To whom is the first stanza addressed? 3. What is the antecedent of "who" (lines 14-18, page 386)? 4. Explain the figures in "crowneth," "satisfieth thy mouth," "renewed like the eagle's." Are they similes or metaphors? What do you know of the eagle's characteristic of preserving its vigor even into old age? 5. Explain "executeth righteousness" (the Revised Version says "righteous acts"). 6. Explain the figures in the third and fourth stanzas (lines 7-22, page 387). 7. What is the meaning of "fear" in line 8? (In the Old Testament "the fear of the Lord" always contains the idea of obedience and worship.) 8. Explain the reference to "dust" in line 14 (Genesis ii, 7). ("The wind" referred to in line 17 is the scorching wind from the desert.) 9. Explain "to such as keep his *covenant*," "ye *ministers* of his." What is meant by "to minister"?

Read also Psalm civ, which is a continuation of this.



## HOMER

(For note on Homeric poems see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 141)

### THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

[The Trojan War was drawing to a close. The Greeks were gaining, and the Trojans found themselves hard pressed. Hector, the bravest of the Trojans, returned to Troy to ask the women to go to the temple of Pallas Athena and there beseech the goddess for her aid. While in the city he sought his wife, Andromache, to bid her, as it proved, a last farewell. It is a wonderfully natural, human scene. The selection is from the sixth book of Bryant's translation of the Iliad.]

She came attended by a maid, who bore  
A tender child, a babe too young to speak, 10  
Upon her bosom — Hector's only son,  
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called  
Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax —  
The city's lord — since Hector stood the sole  
Defense of Troy. The father on his child 15  
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache  
Pressed to his side meanwhile, and all in tears,  
Clung to his hand, and thus beginning, said:

“Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.  
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child, 20  
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be



Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee  
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,  
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,  
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone. . . .

5 In pity keep within the fortress here,  
Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife  
A widow. Post thine army near the place  
Of the wild fig tree, where the city walls  
Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war  
10 The boldest of the foe have tried the spot —  
The Ajaces and the famed Idomeneus,  
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave  
Tydides, whether counseled by some seer  
Or prompted to the attempt by their own minds.”

15 Then answered Hector, great in war: “All this  
I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand  
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames  
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun  
The conflict, cowardlike. Not thus my heart  
20 Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare  
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,  
Upholding my great father’s fame and mine;  
Yet well in my undoubting mind I know  
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,  
25 And Priam, and the people over whom  
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.  
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,



Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those  
 Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait  
 My brothers many and brave—who all at last,  
 Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust—  
 Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek 5  
 Shall lead thee weeping hence and take from thee  
 Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then  
 Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,  
 And from the fountain of Messeis draw  
 Water, or from the Hyperieian spring, 10  
 Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot.  
 And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,  
 'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned  
 Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought  
 Around their city.' So shall some one say, 15  
 And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him  
 Who haply might have kept afar the day  
 Of thy captivity. O let the earth  
 Be heaped above my head in death before  
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!" 20

So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms  
 To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back  
 To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
 His father helmeted in glittering brass,  
 And eying with affright the horsehair plume 25  
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed;



And hastily the mighty Hector took  
The helmet from his brow and laid it down  
Gleaming upon the ground, and having kissed  
His darling son and tossed him up in play,  
5 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:

"O Jupiter and all ye deities,  
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become  
Among the Trojans eminent like me,  
And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,  
10 'This man is greater than his father was!'  
When they behold him from the battlefield  
Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe—  
That so his mother may be glad at heart."

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse  
15 He gave the boy; she on her fragrant breast  
Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief  
Beheld, and moved with tender pity, smoothed  
Her forehead gently with his hand and said:

"Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.  
20 No living man can send me to the shades  
Before my time; no man of woman born,  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.  
But go thou home and tend thy labors there—  
The web, the distaff—and command thy maids  
25 To speed the work. The cares of war pertain  
To all men born in Troy, and most to me."



Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again  
 His helmet, shadowed with the horsehair plume,  
 While homeward his beloved consort went,  
 Oft looking back and shedding many tears.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the authorship of the *Iliad*. 2. Who was Hector, and what was he doing in Troy? 3. Explain "all else Astyanax." 4. Explain "go down to earth." 5. What do you think of Andromache's argument for posting the army near the place of the wild fig tree? 6. Who were the Ajaces? (See Vocabulary.) Idomeneus? "the two chiefs born to Atreus"? Tydides? 7. What does the reference to "some seer" tell you about the position of the seer among the ancients? Tell what you can of the seers. 8. Was Andromache cowardly? Give reasons for your answer.

9. Who was Hector's father? 10. Explain the reference to the sorrows of Hecuba. (Hecuba was Hector's mother, wife of Priam, and queen of Troy. She was said to have had nineteen children, including Hector, Paris, Helenus, and Cassandra. She lived to see Priam and all her sons slain, her grandson Astyanax thrown from the walls of Troy, her daughter Polyxena sacrificed, and herself made a slave by the victorious Greeks.) 11. Explain "Argos," "Messeis," "Hypereian spring." Note the naturalness of the child frightened by the plume. 12. What characteristics of Hector are brought out? of Andromache?

Other readings from the *Iliad*: The Combat between Hector and Ajax; The Death of Hector. From the *Odyssey*: The Meeting with Nausicaa; The Trial of the Bow.



## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

(For life of Shakespeare see Literary Readers, Book Six, page 237)

### ANTONY'S ORATION UPON CÆSAR

[This extract from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" shows how a shrewd and eloquent orator can change the feelings of a mob. Cæsar had been assassinated by a group of conspirators, who believed that he was planning to overturn the Roman republic.

5 After the deed had been done, certain of the conspirators thought it important to gain the favor of Antony, who was one of Cæsar's closest friends and whom they feared. At this point Antony asked to be allowed to deliver the funeral oration over the body of his friend. The conspirators consented on

10 condition that Brutus, one of their number, should first address the people and give the reasons for the assassination. This was done, and the crowd shouted their approval of Brutus's speech.

Then the funeral procession wound its way into the Forum, the coffin was placed upon the platform, Antony went up into

15 the pulpit, or *rostra*, and began this oration. It must be understood that the words are Shakespeare's, not Antony's. All that we know, historically, of the substance of Antony's oration is in the following statement from Plutarch's "Life of Brutus":

Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market

20 place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his



words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown, all bloody, in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. There-withal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that 5 there was no more order kept amongst the common people.]

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them;  
 The good is oft interrèd with their bones; 10  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, — 15  
 For Brutus is an honorable man;  
 So are they all, all honorable men, —  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious; 20  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: 25  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:



- Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
5 Which he did thrice refuse; Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
10 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
15 And I must pause till it come back to me.
- 1 CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
- 2 CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.
- 3 CITIZEN. Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
- 4 CITIZEN. Marked ye his words? He would not  
20 take the crown;  
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
- 1 CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
- 2 CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.



3 CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 CITIZEN. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence. 5

O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose 10  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament — 15  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And dying, mention it within their wills, 20  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

4 CITIZEN. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it; ✓ 25



It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

5 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 CITIZEN. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will!

ANTONY. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
10 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 CITIZEN. They were traitors: honorable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

2 CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers: the will!  
15 read the will!

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

20 ALL. Come down.

2 CITIZEN. Descend.

3 CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

(ANTONY comes down from the pulpit.)

4 CITIZEN. A ring! stand round!

1 CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the  
body.



2 CITIZEN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

ALL. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember 5

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made: 10

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no; 15

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab, 20

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! 25

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,



Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

5 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle!

2 CITIZEN. O noble Cæsar!

3 CITIZEN. O woeful day!

10 4 CITIZEN. O traitors, villains!

1 CITIZEN. O most bloody sight!

2 CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!  
Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

15 ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

1 CITIZEN. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll  
die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

20 They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:



I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, 5  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, 10  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny. 15

1 CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
 speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
 what. 20

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then;

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear  
 the will.



ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his  
death.

5 3 CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,  
10 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away!  
15 We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.

3 CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

20 4 CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

(Exeunt CITIZENS with the body.)

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!



## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give a sketch of the life of Shakespeare. 2. Tell what you can of Cæsar's assassination and of the conspiracy which led up to it. 3. Explain "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Why did Antony begin in this way? (Note the skill with which Antony seems to fall in with the people's feeling about Cæsar at the close of Brutus's speech, and how he gradually leads them to his own way of thinking.) 4. What do you suppose were Antony's real feelings toward "Brutus and the rest" while he was calling them "honorable men"? 5. To whom does "he" refer (line 19, page 395)? The money obtained from the ransom of prisoners from Gaul was put into the public treasury, and thus the burden of public taxation was lightened. This was one of Cæsar's most popular acts. Note how lightly and yet skillfully Antony touches upon it, knowing the effect that it will have upon the crowd. Note, too, how often he refers to Brutus as "an honorable man." This was of course sarcastic, yet Antony said it as if he meant it, for Brutus was powerful, and Antony did not yet dare to show open hostility. By these repetitions, interjected between statements of Cæsar's virtues, he wishes to make his audience say to themselves, "Brutus is *not* an honorable man." In reading, keep the sarcasm out of the voice at present.

6. What was the Lupercal? (See Vocabulary.) 7. Explain "O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." 8. What was Antony's real purpose in pausing here? How did his speech begin to affect his hearers? 9. Explain "and none so poor to do him reverence." 10. What was Antony's purpose in presenting the will? Why did he say



he did not mean to read it? 11. Explain "commons," "testament," "napkins" (handkerchiefs), "their issue" (children). 12. What suggestion did Antony offer in lines 1-6, page 398? 13. Antony now sees that he is rousing the mob and that he can use plainer language. What examples of this do you find? Note the sarcasm with which the mob repeat the words "honorable men." Put this now into your reading.

14. Explain the reference to the Nervii in line 8, page 399. (The conquest of the Nervii was one of Cæsar's greatest victories. The Romans were very proud of it. Antony mentions it to suggest Cæsar's greatness.) 15. What effect must the showing of the bloody mantle and the rents made by the conspirators have had upon the crowd? By whom was Brutus "well-belovèd"? Note that in "*envious* Casca" and "*cursèd* steel" Antony at last throws aside his mask and speaks openly. He sees that the mob is with him. 16. Explain the figures in "If Brutus so unkindly *knocked*," "Brutus . . . was Cæsar's *angel*." 17. What should you say of the grammar in "most unkindest"? (In Shakespeare's time the double superlative was not objectionable.) 18. Explain "the dint of pity" ("dint" is used here in the sense of an impression made by a blow). 19. Why did Antony so long postpone allowing the crowd to see Cæsar's body? 20. Explain the reason for suggesting "private griefs." 21. What do you think of the statement in lines 1-7, page 401? 22. Explain the figures in "poor dumb mouths," "put a tongue," "stones of Rôme."

23. How much did each citizen receive? What was the effect of this final announcement of the will? 24. What do the last two lines tell you of Antony's purpose and its success?

Read all of "Julius Cæsar" if possible; also Plutarch's *Lives of Cæsar and of Brutus*.



# THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

## WITH KEY TO MARKS USED IN THE VOCABULARY

ā as in nāme (=e)	ē as in prey (=ā)	ō as in wōrk (=û = ỹ
â as in senâte	ê as in whêre (=â)	=ã = ë = ĩ)
â as in câre (=ê)	ee as in feet (=ē)	ōō as in fōōd (=o = u)
ă as in făt	ew as in dew (=ū)	ōō as in fōōt (=o = u)
ǎ as in ăccount	ī as in īce (=ȳ)	ū as in ūse (=ew)
ǎ as in ǎrm	ī as in ĩt (=ȳ)	û as in ûnite
â as in âsk	ī as in machine(=ē)	û as in fûr (=ã = ë = ĩ
â as in sofâ	ī as in sîr (=ō = û	=ō = ỹ)
ã as in cowãrd (=ē	=ȳ = ã = ë)	ũ as in ũp (=ô)
=ĩ = ò = û = ỹ)	ō as in ôld (=ow)	ű as in circűs
ą as in whąt (=ö)	ô as in ôbey	û as in German grün
ą as in ąll (=au = ô)	ô as in hôrse (=ą)	ų as in rųle (=ōō = o)
ē as in ēvening (=ĩ)	ō as in nôt (=ą)	ų as in pųll (=ōō = o)
ê as in êvent	ő as in cōnnect	
ê as in bĕd	ő as in sōft	ȳ as in flȳ (=ĩ)
ě as in decĕnt	o as in wolf (=ōō = u)	ȳ as in mȳth (=ĩ)
ē as in hĕr (=ĩ = ò	o as in move(=ōō = u)	ȳ as in mȳrrh (=ã = ë
=û = ỹ = ã)	ó as in sôn (=ű)	=ĩ = ò = û)
ç as in miçe (=s)	n as in in̄k (=ng)	
ch as in echorus (=k)	ş as in iş (=z)	
çh as in çhaise (=sh)	x as in ex̄act (=gz)	
ġ as in cāge(=j)	th as in then	
đŭ as in verdure	N as in the French <i>ensemble</i>	
tŭ as in nature	K as in the German <i>ich</i>	

When not marked, c is sounded as in cat (=k); ch as in child; g as in go; ph as in phantom(=f); qu as in quit(=kw); s as in so; th as in thin; x as in vex; ou as in out(=ow); oi as in oil(=oy).

Sometimes ci and ti have the sound of sh, as in gracious, nation.

Letters printed in italic type (*a, e, i*), without marks, are not sounded.



## VOCABULARY

**accosted**: addressed, greeted.

**adder's tongue**: the dogtooth violet.

**addled**: muddled, spoiled.

**adherent** (ăd hēr'ĕnt): a follower.

**adjuration**: a solemn appeal.

**administer**: to give (page 113).

**affronted**: offended, insulted.

**agrimony** (ăg'rĭ mō nŷ): a yellow-flowered herb with a burlike calyx.

**aide-de-camp** (ăid' dĕ cāmp or ăid' dĕ cān'): an officer who accompanies a general as his personal assistant.

**Ajaces** (Ā'jă ċĕs): plural of Ajax, referring to Ajax, son of Telamon, and Ajax the less, son of Oileus.

**alacrity** (ă lăc'rĭ tŷ): cheerful promptness.

**alternative** (ăl tĕr'nă tĭve): a choice between two things.

**amain** (ă măin'): with full force.

**ambrosial** (ăm brō'zhĭ ăl): sweet, delicious. (From "ambrosia," the food of the Greek gods.)

**amphitheater** (ăm fĭ thĕ'ă tĕr): a circular or elliptical building with banks of seats sloping down to an open space in the center.

**Amun** (Ā'mun): an Egyptian god represented with the head of a ram.

**Andromache** (Ăn drōm'ă kĕ): the wife of Hector of Troy.

**Andromeda** (Ăn drōm'ĕ dă): a northern constellation directly south of Cassiopeia.

**Angelus** (Ăn'gĕlŭs): a bell rung at morning, noon, and night, as a call to a form of prayer also called the Angelus.

**animated**: alive.

**Anthony's Nose**: a promontory on the Hudson, so called from a trumpeter of Governor Stuyvesant's (Knickerbocker's History of New York, Book VI, chap. IV).

**apprehension**: dread, anxiety.

**appurtenance** (ăp pŭr'tĕ nănċe): an appendage, a belonging.

**arabesque** (ăr'ă bĕsk'): a kind of decoration in which foliage is prominently used.

**Argos** (Ărg'ōs): one of the names applied to legendary Greece.

**Argus**: a Greek demigod who had a hundred eyes, some of which were always open.

**armada** (ăr mă'dă): a fleet of armed ships.

**arquebuse** (ăr'quĕ bŭse): a heavy old-fashioned matchlock firearm.

**aspects** (ăs'pĕctŝ): in astrology the influence of the planets for good or evil (page 86).

**asphyxiation** (ăs phŷx ĭ ă'tion): suffocation.

**assizes**: the sessions of the superior or county courts in England.

**asthmatic** (ăs măt'ic): affected with asthma; wheezy (page 113).



**Carrousel** (Cär rōō gěł): Place du Carrousel, the open space extending along the eastern court of the Tuileries in Paris. It was used for royal games. The name means "a tilt."



**Casca** (Căś'cá): a Roman politician.

**casque** (câsk): a helmet.

**Cassius** (Căsh'ĩŭs): Caius Cassius Longinus, a Roman politician.

**catchfly**: a plant having a sticky juice which holds small insects.

**cavalcade** (căv ăĭ căde'): a parade, usually of horsemen.

**celestial concave**: the dome or expanse of the heavens.

**chaffinch**: a common European bird having a reddish breast.

**chalice** (chăĭ'ĭce): a goblet, especially one used in the communion service.

**champaign** (chăĭ'm'păign'): a plain.

**Chatillon** (Shă'tē yôŋ'): a French name; Parkman's guide.

**cheek strap**: the part of a bridle which passes down the side of the horse's head, connecting the headstall with the bit or noseband.

**Cheyne** (Chey'ně) **Row**: a row of houses in Chelsea, London.

**Chimborazo** (Chīm bô ră'zô): a mountain in Ecuador, or ancient Peru.

**chronic** (chrôn'ic): long-continued, constant.

**churn boots**: boots with high, stiff tops, so called from their resemblance to a churn.

**Clichy** (Clē'shē'): a suburb of Paris.

**Clusium** (Clŭ'zhĩŭm): one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan confederation.

**cockade** (côck âde'): a rosette or similar device worn on the hat as a badge.

**colossus** (cô lôs'sŭs): a statue of gigantic size.

**comely** (côm'eĭly): pleasing in person or manner.

**Comitium** (Cồ mĩsh'ĩŭm): a space in the Roman forum set apart for civil and political business.

**commons**: the common people.

**compromising** (côm'prô mĩŭ ing): injurious to one's reputation.

**confluence**: a flowing together.

**connubial** (côn nŭ'bí ĭl): pertaining to a husband and wife, matrimonial.

**consort** (côn'sôrt): a companion, used of a wife or husband.

**consul** (côn'sŭl): one of the two chief magistrates of the Roman republic.

**consummate** (côn sŭm'mâte): of the highest quality.

**contrite** (côn'trite): broken down with grief and penitence.

**contrition** (côn trĩsh'ôn): deep sorrow and repentance.

**convened** (côn vēned'): assembled.

**coranto** (cô răn'tô): an ancient, lively dance.

**corbel** (côr'bĕl): a bracket projecting from a wall to support a beam, arch, or ceiling.

**Cordilleras** (Côr dĩl yă'răg): the great mountain range which forms the backbone of the Western continent.

**Cornellisen** (Côr nĕl'ĩsĕn): a Flemish name.

**Cotopaxi** (Cồ tồ păx'ĩ): a volcano in Ecuador, or ancient Peru.

**counter**: that part of the stern of a boat between the water line and the extreme overhang (page 284).

**counterpart**: a person or thing very like another.

**courier** (côŭ'ri ĕr): a servant who makes traveling arrangements.

**covenant** (côv'ĕ nănt): an agreement.



**Craigpenputtoch** (Crāīg ěn pŭt'tók): a farm near Dumfries, Scotland; Carlyle's home.

**crane**: a swinging iron arm attached to the side or back of a fireplace for supporting kettles over the fire.

**crier** (crí'ěr): a town officer who went through the streets making proclamation of sales, strayed animals, or children, etc.

**critical**: decisive (page 227).

**Croisic** (Krwā'zēc): a town on the coast of France.

**Croisickese** (Krwā zē kēs'): a native of Croisic.

**crone**: used on page 290 for "crony," a chum.

**croup**: a horse's back behind the saddle (page 144).

**crypt** (crŭpt): an underground chamber used either as a chapel or a tomb.

**cupidity** (cŭ pŭd'ĩ tŭ): greed for wealth.

**curaca** (cŭ rā cā): the native ruler of a Peruvian province or district.

**currently**: commonly, generally.

**Damfreville** (Dām'frě vŭlle): the commander of a portion of the French fleet in 1692.

**dauphin** (dau'phŭn): the title of the eldest son of the king of France.

**deft**: dexterous, handy.

**demented**: insane, of unsound mind.

**denominated**: named, designated.

**derision** (dě rŭzh'ón): mockery.

**despicable** (dēs'pŭc ā ble): contemptible.

**destiny** (dēs'tŭ nŭ): fate.

**deus ex machina** (dē'ŭs ẽx māk'ĩ nā): a person suddenly introduced to solve a difficulty. It refers to a

custom in the Greek theater of bringing in a god by stage machinery to untangle a difficult situation. The words mean "a god by machinery."

**dialect** (dŭ'ā lĕct): a form of speech peculiar to the people of a certain locality or class.

**diffused**: spread abroad.

**discredited**: disgraced, deprived of confidence.

**disembogue** (dŭs ěm bōgŭe): to empty.

**disengaged**: loosened, freed.

**dissolute**: lawless, immoral.

**dissonant** (dŭs'sŏ nānt): discordant.

**doggerel**: mean, poor; usually applied to verse.

**Dominie** (Dŏm'ĩ nŭe): an old title applied to a schoolmaster or clergyman.

**doublet** (doŭb'lĕt): a close-fitting jacket extending a little below the waist.

**dower**: that with which one is endowed or which belongs to one.

**down**: a tract of open upland.

**drachma** (drāch'mā): an ancient Greek silver coin worth about twenty-five cents of our money.

**Duquesne** (Dŭ kăn'): a fort at the junction of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers.

**Ecclefechan** (Ēc cle fĕk'ăn): a village in Scotland; Carlyle's birthplace.

**edifice** (ēd'ĩ fŭce): a building.

**ejaculated**: exclaimed.

**emblazon** (ẽm blā'zŏn): to decorate in bright colors.

**emissary** (ẽm'ĩs sǎ rŭ): a secret agent sent out to obtain information.

**emulation** (ẽm ŭ lǎ'tiŏn): rivalry, ambition to excel.



- entrée** (än trā'): the right to enter (page 164).
- epicurean** (usually ĕp ĩ cū rē'än, but on page 289 ĕp ĩ cū'rē än): one who is particular in selecting his food.
- equinoctial** (ē'quĩ nõc'shāl): pertaining to the equinox; used especially of the heavy rains which occur then.
- equinox** (ē'quĩ nõx): the time when the days and nights are of equal length. The vernal equinox is March 21 and the autumnal equinox, September 22.
- eternity** (ē'tēr'nĩtỹ): an immeasurable or endless duration of time.
- etherealized** (ē'thē'rē āl ized): made spiritual or spiritlike.
- Etruscans** (Ē trūs'cāng): the inhabitants of ancient Etruria, now Tuscany.
- euphony** (eū'phō nỹ): a sweet or musical sound.
- evanescent** (ēv ā nēs'cēt): fleeting.
- evolution** (ēv ō lū'tion): a complicated movement or series of movements.
- expedient** (ĕx pē'dĩ ĕnt): a means devised to accomplish something.
- express**: a messenger sent on a special errand (page 104).
- exuberant** (ĕg ū'bēr ānt): plentiful.
- facetious** (fā ĕš'shūs): jocose, witty.
- Falerii** (Fā lē'rĩ ĩ): an ancient Etruscan city on the site of the modern Civita Castellana.
- fare**: the passengers (either one or more) in a public vehicle (page 17).
- Fathers**: a name applied to the Roman senators (page 30).
- Felician** (Fē lish'ĩ än): a priest in "Evangeline."
- felicity** (fē lĩĕ'ĩtỹ): happiness.
- felon**: a criminal.
- Fernando Po**: an island in the Gulf of Guinea.
- firmament** (fĩr'mā mēnt): the heavens.
- flaccid** (flāk'sid): flabby, weak.
- flotilla**: a small fleet.
- founder**: to fail (page 349).
- fusil** (fū'gĩl): a light flintlock musket.
- fusillade** (fū'gĩl lāde'): a discharge of many firearms at the same time.
- gamin** (gām'ĩn): a street boy.
- garçon** (gār'sōn'): French for boy.
- Gaspereau** (Gās'pē rō'): a river in Nova Scotia.
- Gavroche** (Gā'vrōghe'): a street boy in "Les Misérables."
- ghoul** (gōol): an imaginary evil being who was said to rob graves.
- give the wall**: to allow a person, in passing, to take the *inside*, or space next to the wall. In muddy streets this was the cleaner position.
- gleeds**: live coals.
- Gouvion** (Gou'vyōn'): a marshal, or high military officer, of France.
- Grand Pré** (Grān'Prā'): a village in Nova Scotia.
- grange** (grānge): a farm.
- greengrocer**: a retailer of vegetables and fruit.
- Grève** (Grāv): the sandy beach of the river back of St. Malo, in France.
- groin**: to build in groins, that is, in crossed or intersecting vaults of masonry.
- Guayaquil** (Gwỹ'ä kĩl): a city and gulf on the west coast of South America.
- gyrating** (gỹ'rāt ĩng): revolving spirally about an axis.



**hammercloth**: the ornamented cloth formerly thrown over the driver's seat of a coach.

**hanger**: a short broadsword suspended from the side.

**haply**: by chance.

**harbinger** (hă'r'bīn ġēr): a forerunner.

**harem** (hă'rēm): a family of wives, as in Mohammedan countries.

**Hecuba** (Hēc'ū bā): the wife of Priam.

**Hengist** (Hēn'ġist): a chief of the Jutes.

**henpecked**: domineered or ruled over by one's wife.

**hereditament** (hēr ě dīt'ā mēnt): anything that may be inherited.

**Herminius** (Hēr mīn'ĩ ũs): one of the companions of Horatius.

**Hervé Riel** (Hēr've Rī ěl'): a Breton sailor who saved the French fleet in 1692.

**hinds** (hinds): peasants, farm laborers (page 36).

**Hogue** (Hōġue): a French harbor on the English Channel.

**Hollands**: a gin made in Holland.

**holster** (hōl'stēr): a leather pistol case.

**Horatius Cocles** (Hō rā'shĩ ũs Cō'clēs): a Roman hero who defended a bridge against the Etruscan army.

**hostel** (hōs'tēl): an inn.

**Huguenot** (Hū'ġuē nōt): a French Protestant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

**Hypereian** (Hĩ pēr ě'ŭn) **spring**: a spring at Pheræ in Thessaly, Greece.

**identity** (ĩ dēn'tĩ tĩ): the condition of being one's self.

**Idomeneus** (ĩ dōm'ē nūs): a king of Crete.

**Ilium** (ĩl'ĩ ũm): Troy.

**Ilva**: the ancient name of Elba, famed for its iron mines.

**imbued**: saturated, filled.

**impending**: overhanging.

**impetus** (ĩm'pē tūs): momentum; the energy with which a thing moves or is driven.

**imprecation** (ĩm prē cā'tiōn): a curse.

**impunity** (ĩm pũ'nĩ tĩ): freedom from punishment or loss.

**imputing**: laying to the charge of, ascribing.

**In Memoriam** (mē mō'rĩ ũm): "in memory"; a poem by Tennyson.

**Inca** (ĩn'ká): the title of the ruler of ancient Peru.

**indefatigable** (ĩn dē făt'ĩ ġá ble): tireless.

**ineffable**: beyond expression.

**infusing**: pouring in.

**inscrutable** (ĩn scr'ŭtá ble): not to be understood or explained.

**intricacies** (ĩn'trĩ cā ġlēs): complicated or confused ways.

**involution**: an entanglement.

**irised** (ĩ'rĩsed): iridescent, showing the colors of the rainbow (from Iris, the rainbow goddess).

**irreparable** (ĩr rēp'á rá ble): not capable of being repaired or remedied.

**jack boots**: heavy boots reaching above the knee.

**Jacques** (Zhák): a common French name.

**Janiculum** (Jă nĩc'ũ lũm): a hill or ridge on the west bank of the Tiber, opposite Rome.

**jarvie** (jăr've): the driver of a hackney coach.



**Jesuits** (Jēs'ū its): a religious order prominent in the exploration and settlement of America.

**kelp**: any of the various kinds of large brown seaweed.

**kennel**: the gutter. Formerly this was in the center of the street (page 44).

**Kirkway**: a raised road near Zoeterwoude in Holland.

**Kroomen** (Krōō'mēn): members of a Liberian tribe of negroes.

**Lajeunesse** (Lā zhě nēs'): a French name.

**Lammen** (Lām'mēn): a fortress defending Leyden.

**Lars** (Lār): an Etruscan title corresponding to the English "lord."

**Lascar**: an East Indian sailor or army servant.

**leads** (lēads): in England, a flat roof (page 87).

**leaguer** (lēa'guēr): a camp.

**Les Misérables** (Lē Mī'sēr ābl'): "the wretched," a novel by Victor Hugo.

**Leyden** (Lī'dēn): a city in Holland.

**Leyderdorp** (Lī'dēr dōrp): a village in Holland.

**limpid** (līm'pid): clear.

**limpkin**: the courlan, a long-billed water bird.

**lineament** (līn ē ā mēnt): an outline of the face or figure.

**livre** (līvr'): a French coin worth about nineteen cents.

**Llama** (lāma): an animal resembling a small, hairy camel, with no hump, used in the Andes as a beast of burden.

**Lofoden** (Lō fō'dēn): a group of islands off the coast of Norway; also called Lofoten.

**Lokeren** (Lōk'ēr ēn): a town in Belgium.

**Lord Mayor's show**: the ceremony of inaugurating the lord mayor of London, on November 9.

**Louvre** (Logvr'): a famous palace and art gallery in Paris.

**Lupercal** (Lū'pēr cāl): the Lupercalia, a Roman festival held on February 15 (page 396).

**Lyra** (Lī'rā): a constellation in the northern heavens; also called the Harp.

**Maelstrom** (Mā'd'strōm): a whirlpool off the west coast of Norway.

**Magians** (Mā'giāns): a priestly caste of the ancient Medes and Persians.

**maiden knight**: an untried knight.

**Malouins** (Mā'loy ān): inhabitants of St. Malo.

**Marlborough**: the Duke of Marlborough, an English general who fought in the War of the Spanish Succession.

**martyrdom** (mār'tīr dōm): great distress, sometimes with loss of life, suffered for keeping one's purpose or faith.

**Melita** (Mē'lītā): the ancient name for Malta.

**mere**: a lake or pool.

**Messeis** (Mēs'sēis): a famous fountain near Sparta in Greece.

**metropolis** (mē'trōp'ō lis): a chief city.

**Minas** (Mī'nās): an arm of the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia.



**minister**: to serve (verb); one who serves (noun).

**misanthropic** (mís ăn thrôp'ic): hating mankind.

**misgivings**: anxieties, doubts.

**Molina** (Mô lî'nă): a companion of Pizarro.

**molten** (môl'ten): melted, fused.

**monody** (môn'ô dý): a mournful song having a single voice part.

**monologue** (môn'ô lôgue): something spoken by one person.

**monotone** (môn'ô tône): a single unvaried tone.

**Montague** (Môn'tă gûe) **House**: the mansion of the dukes of Montague (or Montagu), in the suburbs of London. It was once a favorite locality for duels.

**Moskoe** (Môs'kě): one of the Lofoden islands; also called Mosken.

**multitudinous**: great in number.

**naked eye**: unaided eye; without the help of a telescope.

**Nar**: a river in Umbria noted for its whitish, sulphurous water.

**Nequinum** (Ně kwî'nŭm): the ancient name of Narni, in Umbria.

**Nervii** (Něr'vîi): an ancient people of the Belgic Gauls.

**nethermost** (něth'ěr mōst): lowest.

**Nine Gods**: the nine so-called great gods of the Etruscans.

**Nineveh** (Nîn'é vêh): an ancient city of Assyria.

**North Aa** (ă): a village in Holland.

**Notre Dame de Paris** (Nōtr' Dăm' dē Pă rî'): a famous cathedral in Paris.

**nucleus** (nū'clē ŭs): a center of growth, a core or kernel.

**Oklawaha** (Ŏk lá wă'hă): a river in Florida.

**ominous** (ôm'ī noŭs): foreshadowing ill.

**ornithology**: the science of birds.

**pæan** (pæ'ăn): a song of joy.

**Palatinus** (Păl à tí'nŭs): the Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome.

**pale**: a fenced field (page 88).

**Palmas** (Păl'măs): a cape of Liberia.

**patois** (pă twă' or păt'wă): a dialect or form of speech peculiar to a certain class or locality.

**Paumanok** (Pău măn'ók): the Indian name for Long Island.

**Pedro de Candia** (Pē'drô dē Căn'dî á): a companion of Pizarro.

**pellicle**: a thin film or flake.

**pellucid** (pěl lŭ'çid): clear.

**peltries**: pelts, fur skins.

**pendent**: hanging.

**Perrault** (Pě rō'): a French writer who collected and published a book of famous nursery stories.

**personalities**: personal remarks, usually offensive.

**peruke** (pě rŭ'ke'): a wig.

**phenomenon** (phě nôm'ě nŏn): usually a strange sight or event.

**Picus** (Pî'cŭs): an ancient Italian chief.

**pip**: to peep like a chicken.

**pique** (pîk): the point of a saddle (page 143).

**Pleiades** (Plē'yă dēs): a group of stars in the constellation Taurus, six visible without a telescope.

**point**: one of the thirty-two points into which the circle of the compass is divided (page 347).



**Pointers**: the two stars in the Great Bear, or Great Dipper, which are almost in a line with the North Star.

**Pont Royal** (Pôn' Roy äl'): a bridge in Paris.

**Porsena** (Pôr'sě nà): an Etruscan noble.

**portent**: an omen, especially that which portends evil.

**posterity** (pôs těr'ĩ tỹ): descendants, future generations.

**postern** (pôs'těrn): a private entrance.

**postilion** (pôs tĩ'yón): the rider of one of the left-hand horses of a coach.

**precipitation**: haste (page 227).

**Priam** (Prĩ'ám): king of Troy.

**prodigies**: marvels.

**pugnacious** (pũg nã'shũs): eager to fight, quarrelsome.

**purport** (pũr'pört): meaning.

**quagmire** (quãg'mĩre): a bog or slough.

**rack**: a straining or wrenching, as by storms (page 358).

**Ramnian** (Rãm'nĩ'ãn): a member of the Ramnes, one of the three original tribes of Rome.

**rampired** (rãm'pĩred): fortified with ramparts.

**Rance** (Rãns): a river in France.

**recessional** (rě'čěsh'ón'äl): a hymn sung as the choir or clergyman leaves the chancel, after service.

**reciprocate** (rě'čĩp'rě'cãte): to give in return.

**recreate** (rěc'rě'ãte): to play or amuse oneself after work.

**redress** (rě'drěss'): a making right, or reparation.

**refluent** (rěf'lũ'ent): flowing back, ebbing.

**régime** (rã'zheem'): rule or management.

**reiterate** (rě'ĩt'ěr'ãte): to repeat again and again.

**roads**: an anchorage (page 153).

**roan**: a horse of a bay, chestnut, red or brown color mixed with gray or white.

**roister or roisterer**: a rowdy.

**Ronsin** (Rôn'sãn'): a French name.

**rosbif** (rôs'bĩf'): French for "roast beef," a nickname applied to an Englishman.

**roses**: rosettes (page 220).

**Rubicon** (Rũ'bĩ'cõn): a river in Italy by crossing which Cæsar made it impossible for him to turn back; hence, a line separating two possible courses of action.

**rubicund** (rũ'bĩ'cũnd): ruddy, reddish.

**rue** (rũ): French for "street."

**Rue de l'Echelle** (Rũ'dě'l'ã'shělle'): a street in Paris.

**runic** (rũ'nĩc): mystic. (From the runes or symbols used in secret writings by the ancient Teutonic peoples.)

**runner**: a messenger (page 17).

**St. Malo** (Sãn Mã'lõ): a French town on the English Channel.

**Sartor Resartus** (Sãr'tõr Rě'sãr'tũs): "the patcher patched," a book by Carlyle.

**saurian** (sãu'rĩ'ãn): a lizardlike reptile.

**Scamandrius** (Skã mãn'drĩ'ũs): the son of Hector of Troy; oftener called Astyanax.

**scar**: a protruding rock (page 83).



**scrupulous**: careful, conscientious.

**sea-maids**: mermaids (page 338).

**sedan** (sẻ dăn'): a portable covered chair borne on poles.

**Seius** (Sẻĩ ươi): the supposed lord of Ilva.

**seneschal** (sẻn'ẻ shẻl): the steward or overseer of a medieval lord.

**shard**: a fragment of some brittle substance, as a shell.

**Sinai** (Sẻĩ nẻi): a mountain north of the Red Sea, where God appeared to the Israelites.

**siren** (sẻĩ rẻn): one of the sea nymphs who were said to frequent an island near Italy and lure mariners upon the rocks by their singing.

**slack**: slack water, the time of the tide when the water is still, between ebb and flow.

**solaced** (sẻl'ẻ ẻcẻd): comforted, cheered.

**Solidor** (Sẻl'ẻi dẻr'): a French fortress.

**solstice** (sẻl'sẻtẻce): the time at which the sun is farthest from the equator—June 21 and December 21.

**sonorous** (sẻn'ẻ rẻũs): resonant.

**sou** (sẻo): a common name for the French five-centime piece, worth about a cent.

**spank**: to move briskly (page 282).

**spar**: old English for a beam or rafter.

**spasmodic** (spẻs'ẻ mẻd'ẻc): fitful, in spasms.

**sphere** (sẻhẻ'ẻple): a little sphere.

**Spurium Lartius** (Spẻ'ẻrẻ ươi Lẻr'sẻĩ ươi): one of the companions of Horatius.

**squalid** (sẻqual'ẻd): dirty.

**stalactite** (stẻl'ẻ ẻc'ẻtẻte): a deposit of lime, resembling an icicle, hanging from the ceiling of a cave.

**stall**: a seat in the choir of a church (page 86).

**stole**: a long loose robe (page 87).

**subtle** (sẻt'ẻle): delicate.

**succory** (sẻc'ẻ cẻrẻ): chicory, a plant bearing heads of bright blue flowers.

**sugar-loaf**: shaped like the old-fashioned sugar loaf—conical with rounded top.

**suite** (swẻtẻ): a body of attendants (page 106).

**supernal** (sẻ pẻr'ẻnẻl): having a higher place or nature.

**surtout** (sẻr'ẻ tẻo'ẻt'ẻ or sẻr'ẻ tẻo'ẻ): a long, close-fitting overcoat.

**sylvan** (sẻyl'ẻvẻn): pertaining to the woods.

**tattoo**: a military call sounded on drum, bugle, or trumpet, giving notice to soldiers to go to their quarters.

**templars**: law students, so called from their having chambers in the Temple, London.

**termagant** (tẻr'ẻ mẻ gẻnt): quarrelsome, scolding (page 216).

**thrall**: slavery (page 86).

**thymy** (thẻym'ẻỷ): fragrant with thyme.

**Tiber** (Tẻĩ bẻr): the river on which Rome was built.

**Tifernum** (Tẻĩ fẻr'ẻnẻm): an ancient Italian city on or near the site of the modern Città di Castello.

**tintinnabulation** (tẻn tẻn nẻb'ẻ lẻ'ẻtẻn): a tinkling or jingling, as of bells.

**Titan** (Tẻĩ tẻn): in Greek mythology one of the gigantic gods who preceded Zeus and the Olympians.

**Titanic** (Tẻĩ tẻn'ẻc): like the Titans; gigantic.



**Titian** (Tĩ'shĩ ǎn): a member of the  
 Tities, one of the three original  
 tribes of Rome.

**tocsin**: an alarm bell.

**Tongres** (Tôn'gr): a town in Belgium.

**Tourville** (Tour'ville): admiral of the  
 French fleet in 1692.

**trammel**: an iron hook used for hang-  
 ing kettles over a fire.

**transcribe**: to copy.

**transmute** (trǎns mŭtē): to transform.

**Triton** (Trĩ'tŏn): a demigod, son of  
 Neptune. His horn was a conch  
 shell, and the blowing of it was said  
 to make the roaring of the sea.

**truculent** (trŭc'ŭ lěnt): fierce, savage.

**trysting day**: an arranged  
 day of meeting.

**Tuileries** (Twēl'rē): a royal palace  
 in Paris.

**Tumbez** (Tŭm'bēth, or Tŭm'bēz): a  
 town on the coast of Peru.

**turbidly**: muddily.

**Tuscan**: belonging to Tuscany, a later  
 name for Etruria.

**Tydides** (Tŷ dĩ'dēš): another name for  
 Diomedes, son of Tydeus.

**Tyre**: an ancient city of Phœnicia.

**udder**: the milk bag of cows or other  
 animals.

**Umbrian** (Ŭm'brĩ ǎn): belonging to  
 Umbria, a region of ancient Italy.

**unperturbed** (ŭn pēr tŭrbed'): unvexed  
 or untroubled.

**unsavory**: unpleasant to taste or  
 smell.

**Valdez** (Vāl'dēth): a Spanish general.

**van**: the front of an army (page 32).

**vociferous** (vŏ ʧĩf'ēr ōŭs): noisy.

**void**: empty (page 86).

**Volscian** (Vŏl'scĩ ǎn): a Latin tribe.

**Volsinium** (Vŏl sĩn'ĩ ŭm): the ancient  
 name of Bolsena, in Latium.

**voluble** (vŏl'ŭ ble): fluent, talkative.

**voluminously** (vŏ lŭ'mĩnŏŭs lŷ): copi-  
 ously, in great volume.

**vortices** (vŏr'tĩ ʧēs): plural of vortex,  
 the center of a whirlpool or eddy.

**vouchsafe**: grant, assure.

**Vurrgh** (Vŭr): Væro, one of the  
 Lofoden islands.

**wain**: a wagon.

**wallet** (wəl'lēt): here a knapsack for  
 carrying provisions on a journey.

**whist**: hushed, silent.

**whitethroat**: a European warbler.

**wold** (wŏld): a plain.

**yellow-breeched**: clothed with yellow  
 breeches.

**yuca** (yu'că): the cassava plant or  
 fruit (page 246).

**Zoeterwoude** (Zŭ'tēr wou dē): a village  
 and fortress in Holland.

**Zwieten** (Zwē'ten): a village in Hol-  
 land.







